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The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING

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Mrs. Grant has so far received from the publishers of General Grant's Memoirs nearly $400,000. The work has a constant and large sale.

There is a man in Indiana who was named after Buchanan, and his name was then changed to Lincoln and from that to Grant, and he now calls himself Cleveland Smith. He is bound to keep up with the procession.

An Atlanta physician says that all the generals and all the armies the world has ever seen have not caused as great destruction of human life as the man who invented the bolting cloth. The physician says that the bolting process flour is rendered very unwholesome, and the man who wants to keep in health should boycott fine flour, and take his wheat in bigger pieces.

The arrivals of Queenstown emigrants on their way to the United States are at present enormous. The railways are running special trains to accommodate this class of travel. The number of emigrants now awaiting steamers to carry them to their destinations is already greater than can be housed in the hotels and lodging-houses, and many are camping in the streets. Fifteen hundred embarked in one day recently.

American wheat growers have cause to feel cheerful over the market prospects. The present available supply in the United States is 179,000,000 bushels as against 197,000,000 bushels last year at this time. Of this amount, 120,000,000 bushels will be required for home consumption before next harvest, leaving only 60,000,000 bushels to export. For the year ending this August, Great Britain and Ireland will be obliged to import 150,000,000 bushels. France has a short wheat crop and will have to import 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 bushels during the summer. The only influence that can keep down prices is the fact of an unusually large wheat crop in Australia. The general tendency is toward higher prices, and no fall is likely to occur during the next eight months.

The surviving "War Governors" of the States that did not secede are to hold a re-union at St. Louis during the grand army encampment next September. There are not many of them. The following is a list nearly complete: John G. Downey, California; Leland Stanford, California; F. F. Low, California; Samuel J. Kirkwood, Iowa; William M. Stone, Iowa; Richard J. Oglesby, Illinois; Charles Robinson, Kansas; Thomas Carney, Kansas; Samuel J. Crawford, Kansas; Alexander Ramsey, Minnesota; Austin Blair, Michigan; Henry H. Crapo, Michigan; Augustus W. Bradford, Maryland; Alvin Saunders, Nebraska; Nathaniel S. Berry, New Hampshire; Joel Parker, New Jersey; Andrew J. Curtin, Pennsylvania; William Sprague, Rhode Island; James Y. Smith, Rhode Island; Edward Salmon, Wisconsin; J. T. Lewis, Wisconsin. The term "War Governor" as generally used, applies to all who were the chief executive of a loyal State at any time between April, 1861, and April, 1865.

The forthcoming report of the Department of Agriculture on the English sparrow will be a very interesting document, says *Science*. It will contain about 400 printed pages, in which will appear the experiences of about 3,200 people with this destructive biped. Dr. Merriam, the Ornithologist of the Department, who has charge of the preparation of the report, says that the indictment against the sparrow is a terrible one, and it has scarcely a friend in the whole country. Farmers who devote their time to the cultivation of grain report that the sparrows, wherever they are thick, do frightful damage to cereals. Market gardeners and the raisers of small fruit, in the vicinity of cities, say that, since sparrows began to multiply, the profits of market gardening have almost vanished. The only known use for the sparrow is as a substitute for reed birds. One man in Albany, N. Y., reports that he sells hundreds of dozens of sparrows every month to the restaurants in that city for reed birds. They make excellent table birds.

The Phoenix (Arizona) *Gazette* prints the following report concerning the recent earthquake made by Dr. D. E. Goodfellow, which has been sent to Washington: "The region shaken by the earthquake is 1,200 miles long and 600 miles wide. The general direction of the wave was southwest to northeast. Its average duration was one and three-quarter minutes. The damage in New Mexico and Arizona is trifling. In the Sulphur Springs Valley, within twenty-five miles of Tombstone, fissures were opened in the bed of an old stream and a considerable amount of water spurted out. After three days all these springs dried up, except two, which are running a small amount of water of ordinary temperature. The first, and most severe shock, rolled boulders down the mountain sides, raised clouds of dust, which, with the accompanying noise caused many to think a volcano had broken out, although there has been no eruption in any part of the region disturbed. The railroad track at the point where it runs east and west was bent four and a half inches out of line for a distance of 300 feet the convexity looking south. The miners working in a 600 feet level, felt the vibrations severely. Some became seasick. In Fronteras, Mexico, ten houses were thrown down, one child killed and one man fatally injured. In Cumpas, one mile southeast, four houses were demolished."

THE THREE RULERS.

I saw a Ruler take his stand,
And trample on a mighty land.
The People crouched before his beck
His iron heel was on their neck;
His name shone bright through blood and pain,
His sword flashed back their praise again.

I saw another Ruler rise,
His words were noble, good, and wise;
With the calm sceptre of his pen
He ruled the minds and thoughts of men.
Some scoffed, some praised; while many heard,
Only a few obeyed his word.

Another Ruler then I saw,
Love and sweet Pity were his law;
The greatest and the least had part
(Yet most the unhappy) in his heart.
The People, in a mighty band,
Rose up, and drove him from the land.
—*Adelaide Proctor.*

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

"A cow-boy, Mr. Dean!"

"A genuine cow-boy, Miss Allen."

The teacher frowned, and the superintendent smiled; then she broke into a suppressed laugh, and he looked perplexed.

"Why did you bring him to me? What in the world shall I do with him?"

"What shall I do with him?" asked the tall gentleman, helplessly. "He is within the school age—nineteen, he says."

"He looks older."

"Yes; you must allow for sun and wind and rough living. He intends to live a year in this town, and he wants to go to school. I must put him somewhere. I can't buy a cage for him, and label him 'Specimen from the Wild West.'"

"I should almost think you might. What is the native locality of the 'specimen'?"

"He says," replied Mr. Dean, deliberately, "that his last range was between Crazy-Woman Creek and Bad-Water Slough."

"Oh dear! But how and why and when did he get into civilization?"

"I have no idea."

"He is so large and so old for a primary school?"

"He is very ignorant. He cannot possibly do the work of a higher grade. I brought him to you because he needs a very good teacher.

Miss Allen was really troubled. The Superintendent's little compliment failed to clear away the clouds. They had been talking in low tones, as they paced the hall, and now they paused at the open school-room door.

It was a very pretty school-room. There were pictures on the walls, flowers in the windows, vases and an embroidered table-spread on the teacher's desk. The children were neat and clean. There was an atmosphere of order and of dainty tidiness about the place, and the place suited well with the young and pretty teacher.

But this morning, looming up behind the rows of little girls in trim black stockings and short frocks; behind the little boys in scarlet hose and knicker-bocker—hopelessly big, untrained and out of place, sat the new scholar.

In his way, he was neither ugly nor awkward. He wore a flannel shirt with a red silk neck handkerchief, and he held in his hand his huge light sombrero, ornamented with a wide band of red leather, and with a gilt cord; but the rest of his dress was subdued to the standard of Eastern civilization. His complexion showed that clear, bright red which marks the pure sunshine of the great plains. This, and his light hair and keen blue eyes, broad shoulders, and lean, muscular frame, would have made him an exceedingly picturesque "subject" for an artist; but—in a primary school!

"I am positively afraid of him!" said Miss Allen. "What if he should take it into his head to scalp us all!"

"Send for me at the first flourish of the tomahawk," said Mr. Dean, with a laugh.

"But, honestly, I have no doubt that he carries pistols. Cowboys always do, they say."

"I believe so. I will look into that matter. Now, seriously," and his face became grave, "I know what a hard thing I have given you to do, but it is in the line of plain duty to do it well. This young man may be here to make trouble. In that case we shall very soon know it, and I promise you that his career shall be short. But it is possible that he comes to study and because he would like to make something of himself. If he wants a chance, it is our business, as public school teachers, to see that he has it."

"He shall have his chance, if I can help him," said the teacher, earnestly.

"I am sure of that. And now for the pistol. James! James Ferguson! Come here, please. Have you firearms about you?" he asked, abruptly, thinking to take the boy by surprise, and so get at the truth.

Jim, who had a tolerably keen sense of the fitness of things, had no more idea of taking his pistol to school than he had of presenting himself with spurs, "cuirt and shapps."

But every cow-boy feels himself in duty bound to make an impression on a "tenderfoot" whenever the "tenderfoot" shows himself ready to be impressed. Jim's blue eyes twinkled, but he gravely felt in his pockets.

"Thunder!" said he. "Taint here. I must have been rattled this mornin'. I can rustle around and got it fer you, and be back before general round up."

"No! no!" cried the good gentleman, and explained what Jim knew perfectly well before, that the pistol must not and could not come back to school. He felt that he had in some way blundered with the boy, but he did not know how.

"What do you think of the school?" he asked, kindly laying one hand on the boy's shoulders.

"Pretty slick little outfit!" replied Jim.

"Hem! Well, James, I hope you will do well. I shall advance you as soon as you can do the work of a higher grade."

As Mr. Dean and Jim stood together, it was evident that the cow-boy was not very tall. But there was a breeziness, an out-of-door roominess, that would have made him too large for any space insids of four walls.

It was not long before Miss Allen knew from Jim himself why he was there. She was told how Jim's father had left the State when Jim was only a yearling, and how he was a white kind of a man, but couldn't seem to gather on to anything. And first, Jim's mother had died, and then his father, and left him to rustle for himself. And he had done it, too, until now. But an uncle down East had just looked him up, and had offered to do something for him. This uncle had promised Jim a good team and a little bunch of cattle if he would come here and go to school a whole year.

"The very day school is out," Jim went on, "I shall start for the West. When I'm of age I mean to get a claim, and put my stock on it. Then I'll be apt to quit cow-punching, and turn sod-pelter."

All this was not very encouraging to his teacher. It was plain that Jim intended to stay the whole long year, and it was only too plain that he did not care for an education, and thought of the schooling only as a disagreeable stepping-stone to the team and bunch of cattle.

On the other hand, I am afraid that Miss Allen knew and cared as little about stock-raising in the West as Jim did about spelling and grammar. Beside, she had no idea that a "sod-pelter" meant a farmer, and she had a shadowy notion that Jim meant to devote the remainder of his existence to throwing clods of grass, like the old man in the spelling-book.

The days of that week passed rather slowly for Miss Allen. She tried hard to accept Jim's presence in a missionary spirit, but, in truth, he was a perpetual trial to her order-loving, sympathetic soul. He was not bad, but he was so big! He seemed to try to do right, but he was so utterly untrained in the ways of the school room that every motion was a blunder.

And yet, in his own sphere, Jim had a skill they never dreamed of. His grace and accuracy with horse and gun and lariat would have been a marvel to any man in that city. Perhaps he felt his present inferiority even more than his teacher did. Perhaps the days were wearily long to him, and the year seemed endless in prospect.

Miss Allen had planned a school picnic for Saturday, and on Friday the children were full of excitement about it. One of them told her that Jim wasn't going. At first she was rather relieved to hear it, but when she entered the school-room she was touched by the homesick look on the boy's face.

"James," said she, kindly, "I am afraid our life here does not seem quite natural to you."

"I'm afraid not," answered James, dryly; and then added, with a burst of confidence: "Why, Miss Allen, in all this week I haint seen nor heard but just one thing that seemed natural to me, and that was the story you was a-readin' us about that old ranchman that pastured on the Government land."

"What!" cried his teacher, in blank astonishment.

"That had such a big bunch of sons, you know; and they was his cowboys."

"But I haven't read any such story," said Miss Allen.

"Why, yes, don't you remember?" said Jim. "And one day, when they was off on the range, the old man sent the little kid out from the home ranch to look 'em up, and find out how they was."

"No," said the young lady; "I never read you a story like that."

"Perhaps you don't remember," said Jim, "but I do, because it seemed natural. And the kid went on, and got where he thought they was; and he found they had moved the whole bunch on to another range. And when he did find them, they chucked the little kid into a big wash-out, and then pulled him out and sold him to the Indians."

"James!"

"That's what you said," continued Jim, respectful but positive. "I don't remember what the book called 'em, but you said they was the same as the Araps in the geography. That's what we call the Arapahoes."

"The Arabs!" exclaimed Miss Allen. "It is possible that you mean the story of Joseph and his brethren?"

"That's it!" answered Jim. "I couldn't think of the name. Poor little kid! We wouldn't treat no little kid that way. That part wasn't natural."

Miss Allen did not know how exactly the present life on the great plains is represented by some passages of the Old Testament. She concluded to postpone the matter of Biblical exegesis, and said, cheerfully: "You will get used to us in time, I hope, James."

"I don't know," said Jim, rather dolefully. "When a fellow's been a maverick long as I have, it comes rather rough to be rounded-up and roped and branded, even if they do put him into a nice little corral like this. And then, an old ranger like me hates to trot along with the calves."

Miss Allen did not understand this speech very well, but she felt that her new pupil was homesick and lonely, and, like the good little woman that she was, she spoke so kiudly that her simple words went straight to the boy's heart. He replied only "thank you," but she was astonished to see that the tears flashed into his eyes as he spoke.

With a new interest in him, she said, sincerely and cordially: "I hope you will go to the picnic to-morow, James. You will like to see something of the country, I think."

"I'll come if you want me," said Jim.

Gray's Park could hardly be called "the country." To be sure, it was a wild and picturesque little spot, but after all there were only a few acres of land, set off by the city for public recreation. The river runs by Gray's Park, playing with pebbles and trailing willow-branches like a peaceful country river; but a little farther down the stream it plunges with a mighty bustle and roar of business down a great dam. Here are clustered the city mills, and in the quietest part of Gray's Park you can hear the whir-r-r of machinery mingled with the noises of the streets.

The picnic was like other school-picnics. The children ran and shouted, brought Miss Allen a wonderful collection of flowers and leaves and pebbles, ate too much dinner, got their feet wet, and found a mud-turtle.

It was almost time to go home. Miss Allen had repacked the lunch baskets, and Jim had taken down the swing, though he climbed rather awkwardly, and declared that he "felt like a tender-foot in a tree."

He lay by the water's edge, coiling the rope upon his left arm, and handling it rather wistfully. Jim could do wonderful things with a rope. If he had been alone he would have tried a few of his old throws, although he might have found it rather tame practice, on foot, instead of on horsback, and with an old stump for a target, instead of a galloping steer.

Miss Allen sat near him, on a rustic seat made of a twisted hemlock tree.

Jim had come to like his teacher, and to want to please her, and he knew that his cowboy accomplishments made her rather uneasy. In fact, the young lady thought of the plainsman's life as an acted sensation novel.

"This is a pretty place, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes," answered Jim, rather doubtfully; "but it seems shut in, sort of. There ain't no stirring in these parts, and the trees is in the way a good deal. You can't see much."

"But the rocks and the river, you like them, do you not?"

"I don't like the river much, either; I'm afraid of the water."

"But I thought you were afraid of nothing!" "I don't like the water, though," said Jim. "I never could see the use of as much as you Eastern folks have lyin' about. You couldn't hire me to get into a boat."

"I should not try, just here," replied the lady, smiling. "It looks quiet, but the current is very dangerous. Just a little further down, they say that no man could manage a boat."

"Would he go over the dam?" he asked.

"Yes, and be dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath. This is not a good boating river. There is a stretch of a mile or so, above this, where small craft can go, and a few of the gentlemen who own these houses keep little pleasure-boats. But above that the channel is too shallow, and below it is dangerous."

"It don't seem a very good place for the kids," mused Jim.

"For the children, James."

"For the children. If you had 'em out on the prairie, they'd be safer."

"Why," exclaimed Miss Allen, "I wouldn't trust myself on the prairie, to say nothing of the children! They say there are rattlesnakes there."

"Yes," admitted Jim, "there is some rattlesmakes. But it's safer than this, I think."

While these two had been working and talking, something had happened that, beyoud all question, never should have happened at all. The children knew better than to get into any boat without permission, and in this case they knew, too, that they were meddling with private property.

Nevertheless, when a party of little boys and girls, wandering up the bank, came upon a beautiful green-and-white boat snugly hidden in a tiny cove where no boat had ever been before, then all the trouble began.

First they stopped to examine and admire; and then two little boys jumped in, and began to rock from side to side, and to tell how they dared ride away down to the mill-dam in her; and next two little girls thought they would get in, too, if the boys wouldn't rock; and the boys promised, with a sarcastic side-speech about girls and 'fraid-cats; and soon all four were seated on the pretty green-and-white benches.

Then, in some way, the boat got adrift. Perhaps the boat was only drawn upon the sand, and the rocking pushed it off. Perhaps some mischievous boy untied the rope. At all events, it was caught by the current, and began to glide down the treacherous stream.

When Miss Allen heard the screams, and looked from the frantic group on the shore to the tiny boat out on the river, her very heart seemed to stand still. To stay so near, and safe and well, yet utterly powerless, while those children in her care sped on to death! Her senses swam.

The sunny sparkles on the river shone in her eyes like electric flashes. She seemed to see, already, the little faces, cold and dead, and the limbs all crushed and mangled, and she heard the reproachful cries of their parents.

And Jim—who might, at least, have run swiftly and given the alarm—what was Jim doing?

Nothing.

Or next to nothing; so it seemed.

He did not even rise at first. One glance up the river with his keen blue eyes, and he went on working at his rope. He was making a loop of on end. He did not seem to hurry, but he wasted no motion.

Holding the loop in his right hand, while the coils still hung upon his left arm, he waded through the shallow shore water to the edge of the deeper channel. His quick glance seemed to take in everything, the current, the river-bottom, and the banks. Even the light wind from the west was tested an instant with his upheld hand. There was no hurry, no flutter, but every nerve was awake, and every muscle true to call.

The boat was moving faster now. She quivered and thrilled with the strong and dangerous current. She has floated past.

No! Look! With one supple motion, Jim has thrown his loop. It speeds through the air like a live thing, and falls, true to aim, just where the frightened children can grasp it best. Quick as thought, Jim moves with the boat, managing the rope so that it shall not tighten to soon. Above the medley of sounds rises his clear, ringing voice, and they hear and obey his rapid directions.

"Pass the rope the long way of the boat! Every one take hold! Now—hold fast."

They do hold fast. Eight little hands, with the strength of desperation, clutch the rope. With a long, steady, even pull, Jim heads the boat for the shore, and grounds it on the shallows.

Here my story might end, if Jim had known how to wade in a pebbly-bottom river. But as he laid hold of the prow, and pulled with all his strength to draw it further up, his foot slipped among the smooth, water-worn stones, and he fell heavily, and struck his head upon a sharp rock. And when, at last, some men came running to help, they found the children safe on shore, but Jim lay senseless in the shallow, while Miss Allen, with her pretty dress all soaked and clinging, held his head out of the water.

Of course, Jim was the hero of the day. He professed great chagrin because he was "fool enough to hurt himself," but he was no less a hero because he spent a few days in a sick-room.

Then the fathers of the rescued children met in solemn conclave to decide what they should do for Jim. There was talk of a subscription and a presentation, but good sense and good taste prevailed, and they decided to offer him nothing except their heartfelt thanks; but to keep the boy in sight, and when the time came, to do him substantial service.

I think that when Jim gets ready to settle on his claim, he will have as liberal a personal outfit as any young "sod-pelter" need desire,

But the mothers could not wait so long before they testified their gratitude, and Jim declares that before he left his room he had dressing-gowns and slippers enough to fit out all the Boston dudes east of the Mississippi. Long before the doctor had thought it possible, Jim was back in the school-room, very pale and thin, though, and with a long red scar down one cheek.

"I guess I got branded for keeps, that time," says Jim.—*Youth's Companion.*

The process is revived of applying strips of adhesive plasters along the margin of wounds, and by drawing the edges of the wound in apposition pass the sutures through the plaster only, thus avoiding the pits and creases left in the skin when the sutures are passed through the skin itself. The edge of the plaster along the margin of the wound should be folded upon itself, so as to keep the plaster from the raw surface.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Not Quite the Same Thing—A Terrible Revenge—Circumstances Alter Cases—A Kicking Mule Cured, Etc.

Indignant Customer—"Look here, I've been waiting here for the last half hour."

Waiter—"That's nothing. I've been waiting here for the last two years, and I ain't kicking about it, either."—*Sittings.*

A Terrible Revenge.

Gray—"Smith insulted me so terribly to-day that I feel mad enough to kill him."

Green—"What's the matter?"

Gray—"Nothing. A mere matter of ten dollars I owe him for a couple of years or so. The mean fellow that he is, called me a swindler and a scoundrel, and a great many other names."

Green—"And you feel mad enough to kill him?"

Gray—"I do."

Green—"Then do it. Pay him his ten dollars and the surprise will kill him."—*Boston Courier.*

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"See here, Garibaldi," said a gentleman who was having his boots shined, "haven't you breathed about enough on those boots? I'm in a big hurry."

Garibaldi hastily completes the job, and in response to a dime says:

"Notta centa change."

"Well, go and get it."

Garibaldi goes and gets two nickels, one of which he reluctantly turns over.

"Caramba!" says Garibaldi, "ze signor in no too bigga hurry to waita for ze change."—*New York Sun.*

A Kicking Mule Cured.

A crowd of boys, men and women were surrounding a man, a cart and a mule up in Brewerytown this morning. The man was trying to induce the mule to pull the cart out of the rut. By the way of inducement he several times attempted to hit the recalcitrant animal with a short cowhide. As the distance he kept was too respectful the mule was never touched, but he kicked all the same.

"Vy, you don'd cure dot mool of kickin'?" asked a rotund resident.

"Mules can't be cured o' kickin'," replied the owner of the cart and animal.

"Oh, yes dey can, my freund. Efery dime he dries to kick just ketch him py de hint legs fen dey are in de air. I know a man vot dried it und he has nefer seen a mool kick since."—*Philadelphia Call.*

At the Panorama.

Little girl: "Is that you, papa, on the brick-colored horse that is up on its hind legs?"

Parent—"Yes, my child, that is usually pointed out as me."

"And did you cut that other man's head off and ride right straight over into the fort?"

"Yes, my dear, I presume I did."

"But mamma didn't say anything about it when I asked her what you did in the war."

"Why, what did she say?" (looking around at the spectators proudly.)

"Oh, she said that all you did that anybody ever heard of was to fool around and get kicked by an army mule, and that now you haven't sense enough to get a pension."—*Dakota Bell.*

Not Sarah.

A messenger boy who came up Lafayette avenue the other day found a young man waiting for him at Shelby street, and when the boy halted he was anxiously asked:

"Well, did you deliver the basket of flowers?"

"Of course."

"Did she smile?"

"Not a bit."

"She didn't? She must have seen the card."

"Oh, yes, she read that the first thing, and then she called the cook into the hall and told her to heave the basket into the backyard."

"Great Scots! But could that have been my Sarah?"

"Oh, no, sir. It was your Sarah's mother."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Forgot to "Beller."

An undemonstrative husband caused his wife some chagrin on board a train recently. A Chicago journal says that in a railroad accident near that city a woman was shaken very severely and could not speak for some time, although conscious of what was taking place around her. Some of the passengers thought she was dead. Her husband feared so too, but instead of giving way to unavailable grief he flew around doing all he could for his wife's recovery. When she was pronounced out of danger she said, reproachfully:

"John!"

"Well, Samanthy?"

"You didn't beller a bit there when they all thought I was dead."

"Well, Samanthy," said John, in some confusion, "ye see I was flying around trying to bring ye to. I didn't have no time to beller."

"Yes, John," said the old lady, feebly, with a suggestion of tears in her voice, "but couldn't ye beller a little bit now, John, jest for the looks of things?"

"Why, Samanthy, if I was to beller now, folks would say I was doin' it 'cause you was going to git well."

"I never thought o' that," said the old lady sadly. "I wish to goodness, John, you'd bellered some at the right time! 'Twould have been real comfortin' to me."

Not in Confidence.

"If you are going around alone you had better look out for confidence men," said the special officer at the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Depot to a green-looking young man who was waiting to go to Pontiac.

"Oh, I know all about that racket," replied the stranger, as he slanted his hat a little higher over his ear.

"All right—don't blame me."

The young man went up Brush street and was gone three-quarters of an hour, and when he returned he said to the officer:

"I'll have to wait over until to-morrow to get a check cashed."

"Have you got a check?"

"Yes—look here. I ent a fellow $32 to pay duties on some horses and he gave me his check for $60. Purty good exchange for a greenhorn, eh?

"Young man, you have been confidenced!"

"No!"

"But you have? That check is worthless! I told you to beware of the confidence game."

"And I did. No one has my confidence. This was simply a business transaction. I lent him $32 in cash, and he gave me his check for $60. Where's the confidence about that!"

The matter was explained to him, and the way he started for police headquarters made the sidewalk smoke.—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Went Back.

He was a little fellow, not over twelve years old, and he was sitting behind a box over at the Omaha Depot the other morning softly crying and looking very dirty and forlon.

"What's the matter?" we asked.

"Hain't nothin' the matter," he said defiantly, sitting up straight, hastily brushing away his tears and pushing back his jacket so as to display the handle of an old revolver in his pocket. Then he looked off across the river at the strange buildings and lost his bravery, and buried his head again and sobbed through his tears:

"Oh, mister, I've been a runnin' away an' want 'o go home."

"What made you run away?"

"I thought it would be nice, but it hain't, no, it hain't," and he rested his face in his hands and looked the picture of woe. "Dick Dagger had heaps o' fun but I hain't had a bit."

"Who was Dick Dagger?"

"Didn't you hear o' him? He was the boy scout of the Rockies, an' I wanted to be like him. There hain't Indians what'll hurt a feller round here, is there?"

"No."

"I wouldn't shoot 'em if there was. Dick shot 'em, but I don't want to. I want to get back home, but mebby I never will again," and once more his tears flowed.

"Where did you live?"

"Oh, I lived down at Marion, in Illinois, and it just about killed me riding in that old freight car, an' I hurt my knee, an' I'm cold and hain't had no breakfast, nor supper, neither. I wish I'd never heard of Dick—I don't see how he got along so well—and if I ever get home again and see my—my—my—" but the thought of his mother was too much for him.

"I don't want to hunt Indians or bears or nothin', nor rescne no maidens, an' I'm tired of that old thing!" and he pulled a rusty revolver out of his pocket that hadn't been fired for ten years and threw it across the track. "Please, mister, git me something to eat, an' I'll work all day for you," and he looked up pitifully and straightened his little cap on his curly head.

We took him along and he ate three or four meals in one, but ever after that he didn't say a word about exterminating the Indian. The next day a grave-looking father arrived looking for a very homesick boy, and they went back together. So the Government lost another scout, but an anxious mother got back a boy who will never run away again.—*Dakota Bell.*

Power of Sunshine.

In a recent number of the *Chautauquan* there is an interesting article by Charles Barnard, in which he shows that the great star which we call the sun is literally the stove that keeps the whole world warm. In conclusion he gives the following curious facts: Heat expands and cold contracts, and everything warmed by the sun expands under its gentle heat. Every rail on all our railroads expands and grows perceptibly longer in bright sunshine, and contracts and grows shorter whenever a cloud cuts off the heat, or the earth in turning moves away from the sun. So it is found necessary to leave a little space between every rail wherein it can stretch itself in hot summer days. Were all the rails pushed close together in laying the track, the first day of hot sunshine would pull the track to pieces, or render it so uneven that it could not be used. Every iron bridge stretches in the sunlight, and would tear itself to pieces were it not carefully adjusted for this expansion in the sun and given a chance to freely move on its foundations whenever the warm fingers of the sunshine are laid upon it. The Brooklyn bridge is in four distinct pieces, with plenty of room between to move, and it does move every day. In warm sunshine it is longer by several inches than on a cold night. The cables of the bridge are continuous, but the expansion caused by heat lengthens the cables and they let the bridge sink two or three feet in the middle. Even a passing cloud, hiding the sun for a few moments, will cause the entire bridge to rise in the middle by cooling and contracting the cables. I have personally measured the movement of the Brooklyn bridge on a hot summer's day between bright sunshine and the shade caused by clouds, and have seen that it moved over one inch in less than two hours. In building the great bronze Liberty in New York harbor the same thing had to be guarded against, and provision is made to allow the whole vast figure to move under the expansion caused by the heat of the sun. The movement, owing to the irregular surface of the statue, is not visible, as in the Brooklyn bridge, yet it is there. Even Bunker Hill monument, which is built wholly of stone, is distorted out of shape every day by the sun, though the movement cannot be proved except by certain experiments made for that purpose.

Humoring A Patient.

Dr. Crawford of Baltimore is related to have advised a patient, who fancied he was dying of liver disease, to travel, says the Philadelphia *News*. On returning he appeared to be quite well, "but upon receiving information of the death of a twin brother, who had actually died of a scirrhous liver, he immediately staggered, and, falling down, cried out that he was dead, and had, as he always expected, died of a liver complaint. Dr. Crawford being sent for, immediately attended; and, on being informed of the notion which had seized the hypochondriac, exclaimed: "Oh, yes, the gentleman is certainly dead, and it is more than probable his liver was the death of him. However, to ascertain the fact, I will hasten to cut him open before putrefaction takes place." He called for a carving knife, and whetting it, as a butcher would when about to cut open a dead calf, he stepped up to the patient and began to open his waistcoat. The hypochondriac became so terribly frightened that he leaped up with the agility of a rabbit, and crying out: "Murder! murder! murder!" ran off with a speed that would have defied a score of doctors to catch him. After running a considerable distance, until he was almost exhausted, he halted, and not finding the doctor at his heels, soon became composed. From that period this gentleman was never known to complain of his liver, nor had he for more than twenty years afterward any symptoms of this disease.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Doing Up Lace.

Laces rubbed, starched and ironed are rarely fit to wear again; but good lace may be done up so as to be kept looking fresh long after it is really old and worn.

Laces that require doing up should be basted carefully between folds of thin muslin and put into cold, soft water, to every pint of which must be previously administered a teaspoonful of aqua ammonia and sufficient white soap to make good suds. Let the water boil a few minutes, and, if the laces are not then clean, pour off the liquid and put in cold water as before; continue to do so until the articles and thoroughly cleansed.

Never wring out lace—always squeeze it between folds of muslin. If clear lace is required, put a little bluing in the rinse water; if the old-time yellowish tinge is wished, a few teaspoonfuls of strong coffee in the rinse water will give the requisite hue. Lace must never be stiff, but a little of the limpness may be taken off, if desirable, by putting a little dissolved gum arabic in the rinse water. Now press the clean, rinsed laces between folds of white muslin, till they are as dry as they can be made in this way; then pin each article out smoothly and in its shape on a pillow, and with a fine needle pick out and raise up every stem and leaf and thread to its proper place.

Ventilating Kitchens.

Some writer says: "Our grandmothers got their bowed shoulders by cooking at the hearth before stoves were known." The women of this age will not be better off unless stoves are raised, so that a woman can work at them without curving her spine. There is too little attention given to making kitchen work easy, even in these days of improved methods. Stoves, tables and sinks should all be made high enough for one to stand at and work comfortably without stooping. Another thiug that needs looking after is the imperfect ventilation of kitchens. Physicians say that more cases of neuralgia come from overheated air than from being exposed to draughts. The foul air of the sink and the odors of cooking bring on many cases of blood poisoning. The girls who live constantly in kitchens do not notice the bad air, but housekeepers should see that there is a way to insure ventilation. Not long ago a servant was taken ill, and the ladies of the house who took up her work were unable to stand even for a day the impure drainage, but the "girl" could work, week in and week out, without any care given to the sanitary condition of the kitchen. Our grandmothers had a simple method of disinfecting which has gone out of fashion, and which was to sprinkle brimstone on a shovel of hot coals and carry the burning result through the house.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Recipes.

GRAVY FOR BOILED MEATS.—Take a half-pint of the water in which the meat has been boiled, thicken it with a little flour and butter, adding for a flavoring a tablespoonful of pickled cucumbers and a sprig or two of parsley, both finely minced. A little mustard and vinegar may be added if liked. Serve in a tureen.

MILK SOUP.—Four potatoes, two onions, two ounces of butter, quarter of an ounce of salt, pepper to taste, one pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls tapioca. Boil slowly all the vegetables with two quarts of water. Strain through the colander. Add milk and tapioca. Boil slowly and stir constantly for twenty minutes.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One pint of sugar dissolved in a wineglass of vinegar, half a cup of butter, one cupful of grated chocolate, boil until quite thick, put in buttered tins, and cut in squares when partly cooled. Instead of vinegar you can use water flavored with essence of vanilla, and they will be finer, but a little vinegar keeps them from sugaring.

COFFEE CAKE.—Pour one cup of boiling hot strong coffee on one cup of lard or pork fat, add one cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, three well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice, one-half of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water, flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in sheet-iron pan one hour and a half in a slow oven.

SCOLLOPED CABBAGE.—Boil a firm cabbage in two waters. Drain and press, and let it get perfectly cold. Then mince fine, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs well beaten, three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, pepper and salt to your fancy. Put into a buttered cake dish, sift fine crumbs on top, and bake, covered, half an hour, then brown delicately.

EGG SALAD.—Boil eight eggs for twenty minutes, then plunge them into cold water for a minute or two; take them out, remove their shells and mince the yolks and the whites separately. Spread the bottom of a dish with a layer of crisp lettuce, over this a layer of watercress, then a layer of the minced whites of the egg, topping it with the minced yolks. Make a hole in the middle of all and pour in a good Mayonnaise dressing.

RAGOUT OF LIVER.—Heat three or four spoonfuls of nice dripping in a frying-pan, add an onion, sliced, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and thrice as much minced breakfast bacon; when all are hissing hot lay in the liver cut in pieces as long and wide as your middle finger, and fry brown, turning often; take out the liver and keep warm in a covered hot-water dish; strain the gravy, rinse out the frying-pan, and return to the fire with the gravy and an even tablespoonful of butter worked up well in two of browned flour. Stir until you have a smooth, browned roux, thin gradually with half a cupful of boiling water and the juice of half a lemon, add a teaspoonful of minced pickle and a scant half teaspoonful of curry powder wet with cold water. Boil sharply, pour over the liver, put fresh boiling water in the pan under the dish, and let all stand closely covered for ten minutes before serving.

Human Ashes.

"Did you ever see any human ashes?" was the rather startling question put to a reporter of the New York *Mail and Express* by President Cobb, of the United States Cremation Society. Producing a square glass eight-ounce bottle, three-fourths full of almost white ashes, he said:

"These are the ashes of a child about six or seven years old. They were left in charge of the society by the parents, who were going out of the city, and had no safe place to bestow them. Here [showing a round tin box about eight inches high and six in diameter, half full of ashes of the same color] are the remains of a man, coffin and all. They are delivered to the relatives in this form."

DIFFERENCES.

The King can drink the best of wine,
So can I;
And has enough when he would dine,
So have I;
And cannot order rain nor shine,
Nor can I.
Then where's the difference—let me see—
Bewixt my lord the king and me?
Do trusty friends surround his throne
Night and day?
Or make his interest their own?
No, not they.
And that's one difference which I see
Betwixt my lord the king and me.
Do knaves around me lie and wait
To deceive,
Or fawn and flatter when they hate,
And would grieve?
Or cruel pomps oppress my state
By my leave?
No, Heaven be thanked! and here you see
More differences 'twixt the king and me.
He has his fools, with jests and quips,
When he'd play.
He has his armies and his ships—
Great are they.
But not a child to kiss his lips—
Well-a-day
And that's a difference sad to see!
Betwixt my lord the king and me.
I wear a cap and he the crown—
What of that?
I sleep on straw and lie on down—
What of that?
And he's the king and I'm the clown—
What of that?
Happy I and wretched he.
Perhaps the king would change with me.
—*Charles Mackay.*

PITH AND POINT.

A burglar generally makes his home run after he reaches the plate.—*Lowell Citizen.*

It was a farmer caught by a prairie fire who ran through his property rapidly.—*Siftings.*

A poor paymaster is like a boiling coffee pot, because he will never settle.—*Dansville Breeze.*

A New York paper says there is considerable bustle in the dry goods market, but then there always is when the ladies go shopping.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Wife—"Dear, I wish you would invite young Professor Y. some day. I hear he is so dreadfully absent-minded; perhaps he will take out Cecelia."—*German Joke.*

A society journal states that girls can have their lips cleared of incipient moustaches by electricity. A surer method than this is an irate parent's number nine boot.—*Siftings.*

Old lady (to wicked little boys who are playing marbles on Sunday)—"Little boys, what are you playing marbles Sunday for?" Little boys—"We're playing for 'keeps.'"—*Life.*

Bella Jones, a young lady of Del.,
Of the fashions was not very wel.,
So a handkerchief red
She wrapped round her head,
And this rig to the ball did Miss Bel.
—*Life.*

An agricultural exchange asks "how to make hogs pay." This is a hard question to answer. The best way to avoid the difficulty is not to sell a hog anything unless he pays for it in advance.—*Traveler's Record.*

Emperor William is reported to have said that "it is the one button left unbuttoned which is the ruin of an army." Too true, and it is the one button left unsewed that is the ruin of a honeymoon.—*Omaha World.*

How doth the tuneful Thomas cat
Improve each moonlight night,
And climbeth on the back-yard fence
To spit, and yowl

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1887.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N.C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1887.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The PRESS entered its thirty-fifth volume on January 1st, 1887.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., Jan. 6, 1887.

—Texas crop prospects magnticent.

—Yellow fever at Key West is spreading.

—Davidson College celebrated its semi-centenial (50 years) last week.

—Intensely warm weather is reported from all sections of the country.

—Maxwell, who killed Preller, in St. Louis in 1885, will be hanged on August 12th.

—Eight men were publicly whipped in Wilmington, Delaware, on Saturday last, for stealing.

—It is reported that thirteen hundred members are present at the Teacher's Assembly at Morehead.

—The Kentucky Distillers Association will shut up their distilleries for one year from July 1st, next.

—Wednesday of last week, wheat sold in Chicago at 69 cents per bushel, lower than in many years.

—An act prohibiting the sale of tobacco to minors under the age of 16 has just passed the Illinois Legislature.

—The U. S. Government has recommended measures against the introduction of the yellow fever into this country.

—Another startling shock of an earthquake occurred at Summerville, S. C., without any damage. It was also felt at Charleston.

—London was ablaze with fireworks, and Westminster Abbey was arranged for a large audience on the 21st, the Queen's jubilee.

—Eight or ten persons were drowned in attempting to swim ashore from a burning steamboat off Charlevoix, Michigan, on the night of June 16th.

—The Indian settlers on the San Pedro are probably the abettors of the San Carlos renegades Gen. miles is at Tucson Arizona, and fears a prolonged Indian war.

—There is great distress in Hungary on account of floods, which are now subsiding, but the danger of sickness from the decaying of vegetable matter is imminent.

—Kerr Craige, of Salisbury, has been appointed collector of the 5th Internal Revenue District, in place of Col. A. J. Boyd. The office will probably be removed to Salisbury.

—Another Texas train robbery near Schulerburg, on the Southern Pacific Railway. The total amount secured by the robbers is put at $8,000 or $10,000. All the passengers lost what valuables they had.

THE PANIC.—Owing to the collapse in the wheat market in Chicago, the condition of affairs on the 15th was terrible, some 12 or 15 houses failing, while others made by the operation. The panic is over.

—It is reported that Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior, had been tendered the vacant place on the U. S. Supreme Court bench, and that Senator Matt Ransom had been offered the Secretaryship of the Interior. Ransom declined.

—The large New York *World* balloon with four persons on board from St. Louis for New York, started on the 11th, and came down in Centralia, Ill., for want of gas, it is reported. The highest attitude attained was 16,000 feet.

SALINA, KAN., June 10.—During the rain-storm Wednesday a cyclone formed about ten miles west of Salina and travelled in a Northeasterly direction, destroying the dwelling of John Johnson and several barns and uprooted trees. Johnston and his family escaped injury by retreating to the cellar.

Poisoned by Living Cantharides.

Trenton, Mo., and vicinity have been infested for the past week by an insect, the description of which agrees fully with a species of cantharides, a Spanish fly, as given in the United States dispensatory. The insects come in perfect swarms, and they not only devour vegetation with avidity, but their vesicating power on the human body is equal fully to cantharides. Fully 1,000 people in Trenton are at present nursing blisters caused by this insect, and lights in residences at night have been almost abandoned for fear of attracting the poisonous insects.

—A North Carolina young lady, of Catawba, was awarded the first prize for elementary drawing by the Woman's Art Department, of Cooper Union, New York.

Railroad Meeting in Roanoke.

ROANOKE, Va., June 18.—A meeting of the directors of the Roanoke and Southern Railroad companies of Virginia and North Carolina held here to-day, and their subsequent consolidation as the Roanoke and Southern Railroad Company causes much elation. Col. D. F. Houston, of Roanoke, was elected President of the consolidated company and the following vice presidents were chosen. First Vice President, F. H. Fries, of North Carolina; second, E. F. Fuller, of New York; third, H. C. Lester, of Virginia. The Board of Directors are as follows. J. O. Coan, P. P. Watson, J. D. Spencer, H. S. Trout, J. M. Gambill and E. H. Stewart, of Virginia; F. J. Stone, G. W. Hinshaw, C. H. Fogle, R. J. Reynolds, J. A. Gray and C. B. Watson, of North Carolina; H. Hungleford, E. Waltman and W. V. Lomax, of New York. An option of six months was given the New York Construction Company to build the road from Roanoke to Winston, N. C., the conditions being a transfer of subscriptions and franchises of the consolidated corporation in case the option is taken by the construction company.—*Daily.*

The President Revokes the Order Directing Captured Flags to be Returned.

WASHINGTON, June 16.—The following letter was sent to the Secretary of War by the President today, in regard to the disposition of flags captured by the Union forces during the late war:

"I have to-day considered with more care than when the subject was orally presented to me, the action of your Department directing letters to be addressed to the Governors of all the States offering to return, it desired, to loyal States, Union flags captured during the war of the rebellion by the Confederate forces and afterwards recovered by the Government troops; and to the Confederate States, the flags captured by the Union forces. All of which, for many years, have been packed in boxes and stored in the cellar and attic of the War Department. I am of the opinion that the return of the flags in the manner thus contemplated is not authorized by the existing law, nor justified as an executive act. I request, therefore that no further steps be taken in the matter, except to examine and inventory these flags, and adopt proper measures for their preservation. Any direction as to the final disposition of them should originate with Congress.

"Yours truly,
"GROVER CLEVELAND."

A Terribly Destructive Tornado in Dakota.

CHICAGO, June 17.—A special from Grand Forks, Dak., says: This city was visited with a destructive tornado yesterday afternoon. The storm came from the west and travelled due east. Twenty-five or more buildings, including the Catholic church and the University of North Dakota, were blown to the ground. The laboratory and museum in the University were almost totally destroyed, besides hundreds of smaller dwellings, store houses and sheds. Five persons were killed and a number seriously injured.

In East Grand Forks 14 business buildings were destroyed, and both bridges across the river were swept away. The total loss is estimated at $100,000.

The storm was local. A train from the North was blown from the track about four miles out and rolled over a couple of times. No one was killed, but many were seriously injured. During the storm of last night Halver Leland, of Wall township, was killed.

The storm is reported quite severe at Manvel and Ardock, where buildings were blown away. The Andrews family had their house torn to pieces and carried one hundred feet. Ed. Trieny's house was overturned and his wife injured. His children were carried 150 feet and not hurt; one of them aged 6 years, was carried across the railroad track and lay there during the whole storm. C. A. Myerstrom is dangerously hurt about the head.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla operates radically upon and through the blood, and is a safe and absolute cure for the various diseases, complaints and disorders, due to debility, or to any constitutional taint or infection.

DAVIDSON COUNTY.

From the Lexington Dispatch.

Prof. J. T. Alderman and J. O. Alderman have assumed control of the Normal School in Lexington.

The corner stone of Lexington Female College was laid Saturday.

Mrs. Catharine Ratts, of Tyro, died on the 8th inst., aged seventy-six years.

Mrs. Mollie Darr, mother of Mr. Andrew Darr, died on the 14th inst., and was buried at Pilgrim's church.

Last Wednesday the tobacco factory of T. S. Dale & Co., of Yadkin College, had a narrow escape from destruction by fire. While the hands were at dinner the dry house, a small building about fifteen feet from the factory, caught fire and was totally destroyed, with all its contents, amounting to between $300 and $400 worth of tobacco in process of manufacture. Almost the entire population of the village turned out, and by hard fighting saved the factory from the flames. The rubbish from the burned building was cleared away before the embers became cold and a new house was at once built. By this time operations have been resumed. No insurance on the property.

—Avoid, by all means, the use of calomel for bilious complaints. Ayer's Cathartic Pills, entirely vegetable, have been tested forty years, and are acknowledged to be the best remedy for torpidity of the liver, costiveness, and all derangements of the digestive apparatus.

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE.

—Work on the Railroad from Statesville to Taylersville is proceeding rapidly. The Richmond & Danville Company contracted to build this line and they seem determined to carry out their contract.

— Fayetteville *Observer*: E. J. Lilly is shipping from his factory (Bluff Mills) 100 bales of sheeting to China. The stamp, with its hieroglyphic figures and characters, is as new to us as this channel of trade is to the proprietors.

—Maj. Robert Bingham, of the well-known Bingham School, was married in Spartanburg, S. C., on last Thursday evening, to Miss Vic Woodward, daughter of Rev. B. F. Woodward, of that place. Maj. Bingham and bride left the same afternoon for New York. They will sail for Europe to-day, where they will remain for several months.

—Greensboro *Workman:* Cadet A. H. Scales, who has been spending some time with his mother and other relatives in Greensboro, has received orders to report for duty at New Haven, Conn., and will start to that point on or about the 20th inst.

——Judge Philips sentenced the 2 men, Jim Boyd and Carter Johnson, who were convicted of the murderous assault upon W. B. Crump, to ten years each in the penitentiary.

—The Governor, on Wednesday last, upon the strength of a petition numerously signed, commuted the death sentence of Grant Best, the boy who shot and killed the three little negro boys in Wilmington some time ago, to imprisonment for fifteen years. Judge Meares, before whom he was tried, signed the petition for commutation, stating his belief that the crime was manslaughter.

—To show the extent of the trucking business in the Newberne section it may be stated that last week no less than 20,000 barrels of Irish potatoes were shipped North from that vicinity. The average price of these is said to have been $4 per barrel. Thanks to better freight facilities than that section ever dreamed of, the people have an opportunity to push their valuable products to market. Trains have been doubled and are still pressed.

—The Board of Examiners of the State Dental Examining Board is now composed of the following: Dr. J. E. Matthews, of Kenansville, Dr. J. W. Hunter, of Salem, Dr. E. L. Hunter, of Enfield, Dr. J. W. Durham, of Wilmington, Dr. J. F. Griffith, of Salisbury and Dr. V. E. Turner, of Raleigh. The next meeting of the Dental Association will be held at Raleigh, commencing the the last Tuesday in May, 1888.

—The double-headed child is the special wonder of the day at Asheville. People are flocking to see it. Her parents live in a log cabin, on the Swananoah river, about one mile from Cooper's Station. They are well known and respectable colored people. The mother is a bright mulatto—half white, one-fourth African and one-fourth Indian. She is about thirty-five years of age; has been married five or six years; is the mother of two or three children, both of whom are quite perfect in their physical proportions. The child is a female, a bright mulatto, almost white in complexion. It has one well developed head with a perfect face, rather pretty, though the hair grows on its forehead down to the eyes. The malformation, or abnormal skull, is developed out of, and is quite as large as the head proper. The crown of this extraordinary cranium is quite like that of the normal skull. Both are covered with thick, black, glossy hair. The back head has no face visible, though the exterior lines of one may be faintly traced. The left cheek is quite plain to view. The rear face is evidently buried and hidden forever in the back of the front head—a sight that produces in the mind of the observer most singular sensations.

[The double-headed baby died. Its remains will be preserved.]

Posterity vs. Ancestry.

It is no longer questioned, it is admitted, that the blood of man is improving. The children of to-day are better formed, have better muscle and richer minds than our ancestors. The cause of this fact is due more to the general use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic than any other source.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

—Thanks to Brown & Bro., for a half pound sample of their excellent "Bee-hive" smoking tobacco.

—We hear some complaint that chickens are dying with the cholera in the neighborhood.

—Your correspondent heard the Salem Fire Company spoken of in a very complimentary terms by some of the best business men in Winston, for their prompt response to the fire alarm in Winston on Tuesday of last week. They say they can rely on the company for aid in case of fire.

—Christian Spaugh, of Broadbay Township, has some corn in a field which is growing ahead of the remainder of the field. He says the cause of difference is that he went under the barn, scraped the top dirt and put a small amount in the hills. The part treated in this way is much larger than that which received none of this dirt.

—Your correspondent found considerable trouble in securing a stand of cabbage plants, owing to the ravages of insects. Ashes and other so-called insecticides were sprinkled on the plants, but without the desired effect. He resorted to the plan of driving toads into the garden, and in a short time the vegetables were freed from all insects, and everything is now growing nicely. After a few evenings' training, toads are easily driven into a garden, and they make good use of their time while in it.

"It Saved My Life"

Is a common expression, often heard from those who have realized, by personal use, the curative powers of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died from lung troubles.—E. Bragdon, Palestine, Tex.

About six months ago I had a severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, brought on by a distressing Cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest. I had used various cough balsams and expectorants, without obtaining relief. A friend advised me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and am happy to say that it helped me at once. By continued use this medicine cured my cough, and, I am satisfied, saved my life.—Mrs. E. Coburn, 18 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for over a year, and sincerely believe I should have been in my grave, had it not been for this medicine. It has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, for which I had almost despaired of ever finding a remedy.—D. A. McMullen, Windsor, Province of Ontario.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. Two years ago I took a very severe Cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted physicians, and took the remedies they prescribed, but failed to obtain relief until I began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Two bottles of this medicine completely restored my health.—Lizzie M. Allen, West Lancaster, Ohio. ††

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A New Enterprise.

Last Wednesday your correspondent was taken through the NORTH CAROLINA FURNITURE FACTORY, located at the Salem Iron Works, by R. Stephens, the senior member of the firm. Mr. Stephens has had a long experience in the furniture business, and C. A. Hege, the junior member, is so well known to the public that it is unnecessary for us to comment on his mechanical ability.

The business is just in its infancy, but from its present prospects it is evident that success is certain to crown the outlay and labor. The first room we entered is 60x100 feet, and in this room is such an amount of machinery that we cannot take space here to describe it in detail. Planing, Jointing, Grooving, Dovetailing, Carving machines, and in fact every kind of machine that we thought necessary to manufacture furniture, but we were told that they intend to make additions to their already well equipped factory.

After the different parts of furniture have been worked out and shaped in room first, they are sent into a spacious room up stairs where skilled laborers are busy putting the furniture together. The furniture is then sent to the finishing room where it is varnished, and made ready for market.

They do honest work throughout. They use good lumber, well seasoned in their improved dry kiln, and make all the parts strong, putting everything together in the most substantial manner.

We were surprised to learn how cheap they sell such furniture as they make. We saw three-drawer safes which they retail at $3.25, and other articles were as cheap in proportion.

Their wholesale trade will be conducted at the factory, and their retail trade at their store on Liberty Street in Winston.

They may be addressed as follows: N. C. Furniture Factory, Salem, N. C., and N. C. Furniture Store, Winston, N. C.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending June 18, 1887:

Ladies.

Mrs. Melvina Alston, Miss Maria Longworth, Miss Adchia Lashmit, Miss M. A. Morgan, Miss Jennie Rhines, Miss Mariah H. Robertson, Mrs. I. A. Spaugh.

Gentlemen.

Mr. S. E. Brewer, Mr. D. K. Devans, E. J. Gilson, C. A. Horner, S. T. Pierce, Mr. Cisero Sink, Mr. G. G. Siddle, Mr. J. E. Williard, Mr. P. E. Whicker.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for advertised letters.

If not called for within one month they will be sent to the dead letter office. T. B. DOUTHIT, P. M.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no payment required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by Dr. V. O. Thompson, Winston, N. C.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.

Trial Bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Dr. V. O. Thompson's Drug Store, Winston, N. C.

A CARD FROM GEO. E. VOGLER

Mr. Vogler is a citizen whose industry and probity have endeared him to his friends and won the respect of all who know him. He has written a letter concerning himself that will doubtless prove of great value to all who have had a similar misfortune as he describes. He also points out very clearly how such may surely find relief. His letter speaks for itself:

WINSTON, N. C., April 12, 1887.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Gentlemen:—My right leg has been a serious source of trouble to me for fifteen years. The veins became varicose: and from disordered blood, ulcers broke out at the ankle. These ulcers were very bad. I tried nearly every kind of blood medicine, but I got little or no relief until I began taking S. S. S. When I began four weeks ago, the leg was very swollen and painful at knee joint and ankle. Now the pain has disappeared, and the swelling has gone down.

S. S. S. has done me more good than all the blood medicines I ever took. Its effect on me was quick and delightful. I would not be without it for much more than its cost.

GEO. E. VOGLER.

Valuable treatise on all blood diseases mailed free on application to Swift's Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

4 inches.

Headquarters!

S. E. ALLEN,

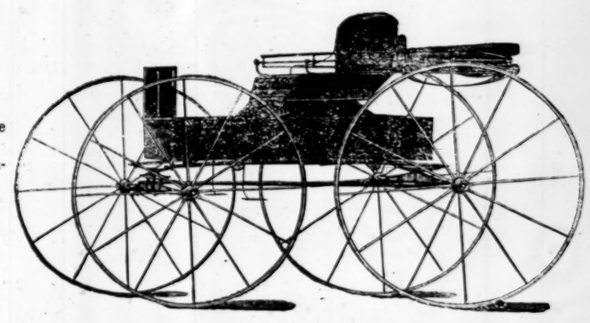
CORNER 3rd AND MAIN STREETS, WINSTON, N. C.

HARDWARE, CROCKERY, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

GLASSWARE, LAMPS, &c.

—AGENT FOR—

AGENT FOR
Champion Mowers, Reapers and Binders,
Farmer's Favorite Grain Drill,
Farmer Girl Cook Stove,
Fairbank's Standard Scales,
Longman and Martinez strictly pure prepared Paints,
King's Great Western Powder Company's Powder.
Hercules Powder or Dynamite,
Leader Corn Shellers,
Victor Cane Mills,
Cardwell Threshers and Horse Powers,
Farmer Friend Plows, &c.



STOCK

Consists of a full and complete line of al goods usually kept in a first-class

HARDWARE AND CROCKERY STORE.

Iron, Nails, Horse and Mule Shoes, Steel Plows, Glass, Paints, Putty, Oils Varnishes &c. Carriage and Wagon Makers Tools and Material, Builders Tools, Material and Hardware, Locks, Hinges, Butts, Screws, Sash, Doors, Blinds, &c.

Pistols, Guns, Ammunition, Fish Hooks Nets, &c. Farmers, Blacksmith and Mechanics Tools.

CROCKERY.

China, Dinner and Tea Sets, Porcelai White Granite, Iron Stone China, C Ware, Glass Ware, Lamps, Wicks, Burs, &c.

T. T. HAYDOCK'S BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, &c., &c.

CAR LOAD IN STOCK.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at Winston, at Dr. V. O. Thompson's Drug Store.

Executor's Notice.

HAVING qualified as Executrix of the last will and testament of D. H. Starbuck, deceased, late of Winston, Forsyth County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them for payment on or before the 15th day of June, 1888, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to the estate of said deceased will please make immediate settlement with the undersigned or her attorney, A. H. Eller, who occupies the law office of the deceased. ELLEN STARBUCK,
Executrix of D. H. Starbuck.
June 15, 1887—6w.

This space is reserved for the advertisement of

R. R. CRAWFORD,

HARDWARE MERCHANT,

LIBERTY ST., WINSTON, N. C.

Announcement.

We have just received direct from Northern cities, and are now opening an entirely New and Fresh Stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods and Notions, Plain and Fancy Groceries, a full and complete line of Shoes, Hats, Hardware, Drugs and Crockery, and everything generally kept in a first class General Merchandise Store.

We have purchased at the lowest cash figures, and will sell at the lowest possible margin. We hope by fair dealings and polite attention to all persons to merit a fair share of the public patronage. Mr. Clinard cordially invites all his old friends and the public generally to come and see him. With an experience of 40 years in the mercantile business he feels flattered that he can please his friends of the past and hopes to add many to the list of those whom he has waited upon.

Very respectfully, yours,
CLINARD & BROOKES.

Pfohl & Stockton Old Stand, Salem, N. C.

W. N. GARBODEN,

MANUFACTURER OF

Boots & Shoes

CROSLAND BUILDING,

SALEM, N. C.

REPAIRING NEATLY and CHEAPLY DONE.

GOOD WORK. BOTTOM PRICES.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

I also Keep on Hand a Stock of

SHOE FINDINGS.

No. 44—3m.

NEW STORE.

FRESH GOODS.

I TAKE THE LIBERTY OF ANNOUNCing to the public that I now occupy the building on MAIN STREET in SALEM, vacated by Mr. Reynard, next door to Shaffner's Drug Store, and have put into it a lot of

FRESH GROCERIES

I will sell as cheap as any one else, and by fair and honest dealing I intend to merit public patronage. I respectfully invite all to call and examine my stock, learn my prices, and give me at least a share of your trade. Yours truly,

J. A. SANDY.

Salem, N. C., Mar. 31, 1887—3m.

GRAIN DRILLS The PENNSYLVANIA

he most perfect Force Feed Fertilizer Drill in existence. Send for catalogue. SAW and Grist MILLS, Steam Engines Gin Powers Cider Mills Threshing Machines, Corn Shellers and Standard Agricultural Implements generally Send for Illustrated catalogue. A. B. FARQUHAR, Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, York, Pa.

E. A. GRIFFITH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

WINSTON, N. C.

OFFICE OVER CLARK & FORD'S STORE.

Will practice in Superior, Supreme and Federal Courts. Strict attention given to all business, especially to collection of claims.

Will negotiate loans on the best of security. Mar. 4, '86—tf.

HARTER'S THE ONLY TRUE **IRON TONIC**

Will purify the BLOOD regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and RESTORE the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured: Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Sufferers from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only adds to its popularity. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL AND BEST

Dr. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS

Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.

THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. N. ZEVELY & SON,

Agents for Mail Contractors,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ICE AND COAL.

D. H. KING,

ICE AND COAL DEALER,

3RD AND DEPOT STREETS,

WINSTON, N. C.

Belo Pond Ice Delivered Promptly Every Morning, Sundays Excepted.

For convenience I will keep open the Ice House on Sundays from 7 to 10 A. M., and from 4 to 6 P. M.

ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

D. H. KING.

April 21—3 m.

FAMILY BIBLES.

Persons wishing FAMILY BIBLES will please call and examine styles and prices at the Salem Bookstore. JOHN H. ZEVELY.

FRIES, GIERSH & SENSEMAN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS.

SPRING 1887.

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

Jeans,	Bed Tick,	Cashmere,	White Goods,
Cottonades,	Ginghams,	Delaines,	Cheese Cloth,
Domestics,	Bunch Cotton,	CrinkleSeersucker,	Prints,
Shirtings,	Carpet Warp,	Dress Ginghams,	Knitting Yarn,
Plaids,	Oil Cloth,	Lawns,	Hoisery, &c.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Sugar,	Flour,	Hams,	Tea,
Coffee,	Meal,	Shoulders,	Molasses,
Bacon.	Kerosene Oil,	Rice,	Syrup,
Lard,	Snuff,	Hominy,	Tobacco & Cigars.

HARDWARE.

Avery Plows,	Glass,	Spades,	Hoes,
Nails,	Rakes,	Trace Chains,	Forks and Shovels,
Hinges and Locks,	Hammers,	Screws,	Axes and Cutlery.

ALL KINDS OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Fertilizer, Field Seeds, Seed Potatoes, Corn, Oats, Feedstuff, Salt, Lime, &c.

AGENT FOR SALEM AND WINSTON FOR

ZEIGLER BROS' FINE SHOES.

For neatness, comfort, style and durability, these Shoes are justly celebrated. A big line

FOR LADIES, GENTS' AND CHILDREN

always in stock. We also carry a good assortment of other and cheaper shoes.

We want your trade and will guarantee prices as low as the lowest,—quality of goods considered. When you come to the city make our store headquarters, ample stable room for your stock. All kinds of country produce bought and sold.

Your friends,

FRIES, GIERSH & SENSEMAN, Main St., Salem, N. C

March 17, 1887—6m.

HARDWARE.

McCormick MOWERS & REAPERS.	MACHINERY of all kinds.	HARNESS of all styles.
Clipper and F. F. PLOWS.	ENGINES & BOILERS.	Manufactured by us and Guaranteed 1st CLASS.
Hoes, Traces, Hames, &c.	Mill Supplies, Belting and Oils.	Patent Riveted Collars.
	Corn and Flour Mills.	

A Large Line of COOK STOVES, PAINTS, OILS, &c.

Special attention to Wholesale Trade. Come and see us, or write for prices.

BROWN, ROGERS & CO., Winston, N. C.

March 25-6m.

C. E. BENNETT. J. A. BENNETT.

WINSTON MARBLE WORKS!

BENNETT BROS.,

DEALERS IN

MARBLE and GRANITE

MONUMENTS,

HEADSTONES, TABLETS, MANTELS, &c., &c.

SPECIAL DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Opposite Brown's Warehouse, Main Street, WINSTON, N. C

No. 28-tf.-July 15, 1886.

W. P. ORMSBY,

Would inform his friends and the public that, in addition to his old stand in Salem, he is now running a store and office in

WINSTON, N. C., LIBERTY BLOCK,

WHERE ALL FIRST-CLASS

ORGANS, PIANOS & MUSICAL GOODS,

can be procurred at lowest possible terms. Also the famous

Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine.

LOOK FOR THE SIGN

ORMSBY & HARRELL,

SOUTHERN MUSIC HOUSE AND DOMESTIC MACHINE OFFICE, LIBERTY BLOCK, OPPOSITE FARMER'S WAREHOUSE.

Pianos and all musical instruments and Sewing Machines repaired or exchange.

T. R. PURNELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

BUSINESS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

Our Agent will spend the Winter in North Carolina, Selling and erecting our

Springfield Gas Machine

He has with him competent mechanics, with tools prepared to put up **Gas Machines, Pipe and Fixtures.** Send for illustrated circular. Address

GILBERT & BAKER M'F'G CO.,
75 Maiden Lane New York.

or JAMES P. CLIFFORD,
Grand Central Hotel, Asheville, N. C.

No. 2—1m.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1887.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

On and after Sunday Nov. 14th, trains leave as follows:

No. 9 Leaves 5.30 a. m. Mail closes 5 a. m.
" 10 Arrives 11.30 a. m.
" 11 Leaves 7.20 p.m. Mail closes 6:45 p.m.
" 12 Arrives 12.30 a. m.
Money Order and Register business closes at 6.15 p. m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—See Executor's and Administrator's notice, and R. R. Crawford's business notice.

—New Moon last Tuesday morninst, 21st.

—Prof. Alex. Minung is still quite sick.

—Tuesday, 21st inst., was the longest day.

—Efforts are being made to celebrate the 4th of July.

—Weather continues warm, with fine rains Saturday and Monday.

—A colored excursion from Reidsville came up at noon on Tuesday.

—A new lamp has been put in the front door of the old Academy building.

—Ed. Waggoman is engaged in painting the residence of A. S. Jones, on Walnut street.

—The Hosiery Mills shipped, on Friday, two cases, 70 dozen each, of hose, to Baltimore.

—N. W. Craft, of Cedar Cove Nurseries, Yadkin county, has taken out Grummer's license.

—A. C. Hege, wife and daughter, of Lexington, are visiting relatives and friends in this place.

—Mr. A. Ketchem has moved into one of W. H. Cooper's cottage houses on Marshall street.

—Colored railroad excursions were run from Greensboro to Winston and Walnut Cove on the 16th.

—We learn the price of tobacco has materially advanced in this market, within the past few weeks.

—The large bridge across the hollow near Baily Bros. tobacco factory in Winston, is about completed.

—Harriet Smith, colored, of Mosstown, has been arrested on the charge of infanticide, and held for trial.

—A seining party caught an eel thirty-three inches long in the Salem mill race on Thursday evening of last week.

—Samuel Ebert now occupies his new residence, on the Northeast corner of West and Marshall streets, in this place.

—We learn that Revenue Officers seized two barrels of liquor, team and driver, on the streets of Winston, N. C., yesterday (Wednesday.)

The funeral of John Lashmit and his son, who died recently, in this county, was preached by Rev. Ed. Petree, at Old Bethel on last Sunday.

—The large hill at the forks of the road leading from Salem and Winston to Clemmonsville is being removed in order to make the road more level.

—Turnips raised this season, some of which weighed nearly one pound, were sold in our market on Friday last by a Mr. Younce, of Davidson County.

—Our young friend, Luther Butner, who is a first class machinist, has been selected to manage the machinery and pumps for filling the new reservoir with water.

—Wilkes County voted by a majority of 1,000 or 1,100 votes in favor of the $100,000 tax to assist in constructing the Railroad from Winston to Wilkesboro.

—All who attended the Reception at the Twin City Club room express themselves as delighted. The hall was tastily decorated and the refreshments were all that could be desired.

—The Salem Boy's School, Prof. Wurreschke, Messer and Miss Lewis, teachers, will close to-morrow, Friday evening, with an entertainment in Academy chapel. Music by the Salem Orchestra. Several newly composed marches will be given.

—The Cedar Grove Farmers' Club, of this county, is calling for a grand mass meeting and farmers' dinner at Clinard's Stand on the last Saturday in July, and invites the co-operation of all the clubs of Forsyth and adjoining counties in making it a grand affair.—*Daily.*

—The new reservoir in this place was completed on Thursday of last week. The structure, which is of heavy boiler iron, is fifty-five feet in diameter, twenty-five feet high and holds four hundred thousand gallons of water. The work of filling the reservoir was began yesterday, Wednesday.

—E. F. Meller, of this place, confectioner with D. H. King, in Winston, had charge of arranging the lunch table at the Twin City Club's Reception on Wednesday night of last week. The table was very artistically arranged, and many compliments were given Ed.

—The first of last week the Salem Iron Works shipped another of their Improved Tar Heel Planers and Matchers to Florida, and they have also received another order from the same State. They have already sold over 25 of their Hege Saw Mills in New York State, and nearly as many in Pennsylvania.

—The Wachovia Base Ball Club, of Winston, went down to Kernersville on Saturday last, and played a match game with the Kernersville boys. The game stood as follows, score by innings.

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Wachovias,	3	0	0	1	1	5	2	2	0	—14
Kernersville,	0	0	0	2	1	1	7	0	0	—11

—The Kernersville *News and Farm* says: Through the assistance of some of the leading citizens of Kernersville, to aid us in our conclusion not to accept the position tendered us on the Winston *Sentinel*, we have ordered a No. 3 Campbell power press, and will soon be enabled to get out our publications with greater ease and satisfaction than ever before.

—Mrs. C. L. Rights' private school, Kernersville, closed with an entertainment on Tuesday evening. On yesterday, Wednesday evening, the party, which is always an enjoyable occasion for both old and young, took place on the beautiful lawn in front of the Moravian church. Mrs. Rights has taught this school for many years and has given general satisfaction.

—A horse belonging to Barham & Holland, of Winston, and driven by Fries Giersch & Senseman's delivery wagon driver, made it lively in Salem for a while on Thursday afternoon of last week by running away. Result of the runaway: demolished lamp post, broken buggy and slightly bruised but much scared darkey.

—A young man of this place, while in the creek swimming on last Saturday evening, was bitten on one of his feet by something in the water, supposed to be a snake. He left the creek, went to his room and awaited results, but as he was seen an hour later walking with his "best girl," it is surmised that he had been more frightened than snake bit.

SALEM FEMALE ACADEMY.

Commencement Day.

The exercises of the morning were opened with a brilliant original march, composed by Prof. Markgraff and dedicated to "S. F. A." Misses Bewley and Murphy at piano. The music was grand and enthused the audience into a rapturous applause. During its rendition the Graduating Class, the Senior Class, Officers, Teachers and others marched in procession up the aisle and took their seats on the stage, which was beautifully decorated with evergreens and a gaily draped arch, bearing the class motto "Per Aspera ad Astra."

The exercises were opened with reading a portion of Scripture by Rev. R. P. Lineback, and a fervent prayer by Rev. C. L. Rights, President of the Board of Trustees.

Dr. Rondthaler then delivered an address reviewing the Academic work of the year, fully explaining the Commercial Department, which includes, Commercial Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Telegraphy, Shorthand and Type-writing. The discipline of the school was the same as that established by the fathers, all the work being dedicated to the glory of Jesus Christ our Lord and Master. Miss K. Ollinger, of Milton, Fla., gave Rossini-Liszt's Cajus Animam in splendid style.

Miss Annie Blanche Armfield, of Jamestown, N. C., read the Salutatory, an excellent piece of composition, in an earnest and impressive manner. Kuecken's, semi-chorus, "The Fisherman," followed. Miss Cathcart, of Winnsboro, S. C., read a meritorious essay on the class motto. Miss K. Ollinger, of Milton, Fla., read a fine paper on the "Contemptibility of Shams," and Miss Luta Bewley illustrated character by "Circles and Angels," in a well composed essay. Miss D. Murphy played well Chopin's "Scherzo en Si bemol Mineur." Miss Kitty May Penn, of Reidsville, N. C., read a cheerful paper on "Hope and Memory." We regret a slight indisposition prevented Miss Victoria Swann from reading her essay on "Is Life Worth Living." The orchestra then gave Schlepegreall's "The Silver Bell" very acceptably. The Orchestral music was a novelty and added much to the interest of the exercises.

The second part of the programme was opened with Kuecken's Semi-chorus, Barcarole, and Miss Kitty May Penn, played the piano well in Weber-Smith's "Robin des Bois."

Here Dr. Rondthaler introduced Hon. R. A. AYERS, Attorney General of Virginia. His address was a most excellent one, the best we have heard in many a day.

He opened with a brief review of the Academy's record, congratulating the young lady graduates as having "displayed a brilliancy of mind and a solidity of attainment which reflects great credit upon their teachers and evinces most careful training. We quote:

"I congratulate the principals and teachers upon the great success which has crowned their efforts, and the auspicious circumstances which surround them.

I congratulate the old Academy upon the bright promise of future success, and its enhanced opportunities for good.

After nearly one hundred years of continuous service she still stands in the midst of brilliant triumphs; an exemplar of all that is great, good and progressive in the cause of female education.

It is gratifying to those who have labored and are now laboring here to reflect that their labors have borne rich and abundant fruit, that the foundations of their noble institution of learning have grown wilder and stronger, and its towers loftier and brighter in the sight of the world, under its wise and conservative administration.

Many and varied have been the changes since as a pioneer, almost, this school was organized. Its history has been one of steady progress until it stands to day the peer of any in the land, and in points of wholesome discipline and correct moral training, in my opinion, the superior of all.

It may be that I am not an impartial witness, for I am the fortunate possessor of a most valuable jewel won from its list of graduates years ago, who has since that time lost no opportunity to whisper into my ear words of affection and praise for her beloved Alma Mater.

Here the speaker entered on the main subject of his address.

"The influence of woman in the industrial development of the South." Commencing with the noble self-sacrificing matrons of the pioneers he traced the same noble traits with the growth of our country, dwelling particularly on their self denial and heroism during the late war between the States, in supporting the fathers and brothers in their gallant deeds on the field of battle and coming to the rescue after the war in helping to build up the waste places all over the South, and nerving the arms of loved ones until to-day we see a result in the numerous industries which have sprung up and are continually growing. We give that part of the address to the graduating class in full:

"You have acquitted yourselves with great distinction and should be justly proud of your achievements. It is but natural that your minds are filled with hope and bright anticipations of the future and I trust it has in store for you much joy and happiness.

While you rejoice at the prospect of again being at home with loved ones, the knowledge that the end of your school days is but the beginning of another career of greater responsibility, and fraught with joys and sorrows which you cannot foresee, must cause you to soberly reflect and temper your rejoicing. You are about to embark on a vast, and to you, untraveled ocean. Your bark is fully equipped and it remains to be seen what kind of a voyage you will make. The tools and implements have been placed in your hands but you must be the architect of the building. The studies which you have pursued are but the means by which you may accomplish an end; they are chiefly valuable for the power they have given to make still further improvement. You return to your friends with enlarged minds, refined tastes and correct judgments, to take your place and act your part as educated women.

You should remember however, that true education is growth and is ever advancing. The tree that has ceased to grow has begun to decay. You are in a condition to enter upon the harvest; the grain is ripe and the field is before you, there are many reapers, but there is no need of gleaning. You should add year by year to your store of knowledge and intellectual acquirements. You have probably developed some peculiar faculty of mind; you may excel in some special branch, if so, cultivate it; you may draw well; you may be gifted as a musician; give your attention to whatever talent or attainment you have and do not let it pass from your possession. Read and keep your minds stored with useful knowledge, seek suitable opportunities to discuss with others what you know, this is the surest way to retain it. You cannot afford to stand still. You cannot stand still if you would, you must either go forward or backward. It matters not what your duties may be you can always find time to preserve accomplishments which you have acquired, others besides, if you will only try. How attractive and influential in the social circle is the woman who reads the new books, takes a peep at the political papers and keeps herself abreast of the times, and posted about what is going on generally in the world. All seek her company, are glad when she comes and sorry when she leaves. You will meet many trials and disappointments, they will beset you on every side. It would seem an ungracious task to rouse you from your happy summer dreams, but the wintry days will come, and the surface of life be ruffled and covered with billows. At such times there is nothing sweeter than the consolation of true, disinterested friendship. When the dark days have come and you find that friends do not shrink, then cultivate them. "The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried; grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel." Never let them go; be very patient with them; bear their little faults as they bear yours; make allowance for the countless unintentional offences we all must endure and commit; suffer no changing tide of fortune to sweep them from you; no later friendships to usurp their place.

It is too often the case that friends under certain circumstances are treated with much consideration and respect but under other circumstances are neglected. How often is it true that when in company of a temporary acquaintance of wealth, standing high in society, as measured by the standard of the world, we meet and ignore a true and worthy friend who can boast only of a warm, true and loyal heart. This is not only cruel but positively wicked. You should be more than ever careful on such occasions to recognize your friends.

There are many more principles and christian virtues which I would commend to you especially, but they are all included in the significant word DUTY, which is the broadest, deepest and most comprehensive word in the English language. Study to know your duty in all the relations of life, and strive for the moral courage to perform it.

The consequences of neglected duty are often irreparable of which we have notable instances every day, whilst the happy results of duty performed fully repay the labor and sacrifice eventually.

Live for high purpose, and at the end of a well spent life have the satisfaction of knowing that the world is better for your having lived in it. In conclusion I would say to each member of the class.

"Be a woman—brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind and soul and body
Blend to work out life's great duty—
Be a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name."

"Be a woman—on to duty,
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow.
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature's human;
Be not fashion's gilded lady,
Be a brave, wholesouled, true woman."

At the conclusion of the address Mr. Ayers presented the diplomas in a graceful and pleasing manner to the following 27 young ladies:

Annie Blanche Armfield, Mattie Barber, Emma Troy Barber, Effie C. Butner, Luta Catharina Bewley, Myra Lubbock Cabaniss, S. Ella Cathcart, Della Cloyd David, Mildred Lee Gentry, Etta Dollner Harget, Annie C. Hanson, Willie Killebrew, Rebecca Lyttleton Marks, Allice Perley Ollinger, Kate Felton Ollinger, Kitty May Penn, Emma Virginia Ragsdale, Isabella Sprunt Sawyer, Adelaide Lavinia Shore, Jennie Cornelia Sieger, Victoria Swan, Hattie Keyser Swift, Etta Armstrong Tate, Maggie Chapman Tillery, M. Doakie Walker, Mary Rodgers Weatherly, Elizabeth L. Wolle. To graduates in Phonography, Book-keeping, Telegraphy, Mary Shultz. In Book-keeping, Telegraphy, A. M. Reynolds. In Phonography and Book-keeping, E. Clark. In Phonography, Gertrude Jenkins and Nina Flournoy. In Telegraphy, Millie Gentry and Bessie McDowell. In Book-keeping, Annie Hill, Mamie Thomas, Kate Paddison and Julia Dunlap. In Music, Kate Ollinger, Daisy Murphy, Sue Watson, Lula Brown, Jennie Ragsdale and Blanche Armfield.

The Orchestra gave a splendid piece in honor of "the class of '87," composed by Prof. Markgraff. The Professor has rare musical genius and his compositions are made almost under an inspiration and written as poets and musicians often do—with a dash and spirit that bring the audience in thorough sympathy with the musicians.

The Valedictory by Miss Emma Virginia Ragsdale, of Jamestown, N. C. was in the best of taste and given with an earnest and often pathetic style, so highly appreciated by all.

Miss Ilah Dunlap's "Farewell," music composed by Prof. Markgraff, was a sweet tender farewell indeed, given in a mellow and heart touching manner. Here again Prof. Markgraff scored a success. Indeed he had a series of triumphs all through and we most heartily congratulate him.

Handel's glorious chorus "Hallelujah" closed this most successful Commencement, the audience reverentially standing during its performance.

The Concert.

Our space admonishes us to be as brief as possible in noticing this perhaps the grandest of all Concerts ever given here, and this is saying much, as the previous ones were all of the very highest order and directed by experienced professors. Prof. Markgraff is a young man in years, yet his able direction enrolls his name among the leading musicians in the South. The selections were from such masters as Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Ketterer, Meyerbeer, Bachman, Kuecken, Strauss and others of merit in the school of music.

The Choruses were well chosen and brilliantly given. The Songs were all good by Misses R. Marks, I. Dunlap, S. Hunnicut, Bewley and S. Watson. Miss Hattie Swift bore off the palm in singing Montell's "Where art thou my Queen." Her voice is clear, and under complete control. The piano playing was most excellent, led by Misses E. Siddall, Bewley, Murphy, Shore, Beard, Peterson, Goslen and Miller.

The second part consisted of Mendelsshon's Cantata, Song of Praise

The Song of Praise is considered one of the composer's masterpieces. The introduction was a capital piece of piano playing by Misses Carrie Mickey and Lula Hege. The chorus, the fullest in point of number of voices ever heard here, was truly grand and soul-inspiring. No. 8, Choral was most beautiful. The solos of Miss Alice Rondthaler and Mr. Frank Vogler were exceptionally fine, as was the Duet by Misses Dunlap and Hunnicutt. Miss Amelia Van Vleck was at the piano, and sustained her well earned reputation as an able pianist admirably throughout the long and trying performance. Thus closed the 83rd annual Commencement with unusual eclat.

The Art exhibition in charge of the accomplished artists in Drawing, Painting and Needlework, Misses Lewis and Siewers was opened on Wednesday afternoon. The display was exceedingly fine and eclipsed any previous display. This department, like all others of the Academy, is progressive.

Notes.

The next session (84th) of the Academy opens on Tuesday, August 30th, 1887.

The Alumnæ meeting was held on Wednesday afternoon, and resulted very satisfactorily.

The Senior Class of '88 numbers over forty.

The floral offerings were numerous and very beautifully gotten up. Among them was a magnificent floral parasol.

—A good deal of wheat has been put in barns. The weather was such as to dry it rapidly.

CARD.

By order of the Chairman of the County Board of Education, they will meet at the Court-house in Winston, on the first Monday of July next, for the purpose of considering Public School matters. All parties having business before said Board are requested to come up on that day. A. I. BUTNER, Sec.

June 20, 1887.

DIED.

In this place on Tuesday night, 21st inst., WILLIAM N. VOGLER, son of W. T. Vogler, aged 16 years.

In this place on the 18th of June, EDDIE ROBERTSON, son of Jasper and Alice Robertson, aged 1 year, 8 months and 7 days.

Near New Philadelphia church on the 18th of June, the infant daughter of Flavius and Susan Lashmit.

In Winston, on the night of the 13th inst., Mrs. G. W. LEWIS, aged 28 years.

In Raleigh, on the 17th inst., Mrs. JAMES H. ENNIS, aged 54 years.

In Summerfield, on the 11th inst., Miss BERTHA C. BLAIR, daughter of Prof. F. S. Blair, aged 13 years, 10 months and 13 days.

DYSPEPSIA

is a dangerous as well as distressing complaint. If neglected, it tends, by impairing nutrition, and depressing the tone of the system, to prepare the way for Rapid Decline.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

THE BEST TONIC

Quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia in all its forms, Heartburn, Belching, Tasting the Food, etc. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite and aids the assimilation of food.

REV. J. F. ROSENBALM, the honored pastor of the First Reformed Church, Baltimore, Md., says:

"Having used Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia and Indigestion I take great pleasure in recommending it highly. Also consider it a splendid tonic and invigorator, and very strengthening."

HON. JOSEPH C. SUIT, Judge of Circuit Court, Clinton Co., Ind., says: "I bear most cheerful testimony to the efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia, and as a tonic."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Perfect Hair

Indicates a natural and healthy condition of the scalp, and of the glands through which nourishment is obtained. When, in consequence of age and disease, the hair becomes weak, thin, and gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will strengthen it, restore its original color, promote its rapid and vigorous growth, and impart to it the lustre and freshness of youth.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and am convinced of its value. When I was 17 years of age my hair began to turn gray. I commenced using the Vigor, and was surprised at the good effects it produced. It not only restored the color to my hair, but so stimulated its growth, that I have now more hair than ever before.—J. W. Edwards, Coldwater, Miss.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING from debility and loss of appetite; if your stomach is out of order, or your mind confused; take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine will restore physical force and elasticity to the system, more surely and speedily than any tonic yet discovered.

For six months I suffered from liver and stomach troubles. My food did not nourish me, and I became weak and very much emaciated. I took six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured.—J. M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass. ††

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$0 90 to 1 00
Corn, per bushel,	65 to 70
Oats, " "	00 to 45
Rye, " "	00 to 00
Barley, per bushel,	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	2 10 to 2 50
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	0 00 to 0 70
Peas, (white,) " "	0 00 to 00
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 95
Beans, (white) " "	0 00 to 1 20
Onion Sets, per bushel	0 00 to 00
Pork,	7 to 8
Lard,	8 to 00
Country Meat, (hog round,)	07 to 12
" Hams,	00 to 00
Green Apples, per bushel	0 00 to 0 00
Eggs,	11 to 12
Butter, per pound,	15 to 20
Tallow, " "	5 to 00
Beeswax, " "	00 to 10
Flax Seed, per bushel,	00 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bushel,	75 to 1 00
Potatoes, sweet, " "	80 to 1 00
Cabbage, per pound,	2 to 0 08
Chickens,	15 to 20
Hay	50 to 68

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs.—Common, sound,	$ 1.00 to $ 3.00
" Medium,	5.50 to 8 00
" Good,	9.00 to 12.00
" Fine,	15.00 to 15.00
Leaf.—Common,	2.50 to 4.00
" Medium,	7.00 to 9.00
" Good,	11.50 to 16.00
Cutters.—Good,	18.00 to 25.00
" Fine,	28.00 to 32,00
Wrappers.—Common	16.00 to 20.00
" Medium,	25.00 to 35.00
" Good,	40.00 to 55.00
" Fine.	55.00 to 60.00

Great Attraction IN WAUGHTOWN.

THE GREATEST ATTRACTION IN Waughtown at this time is the opening up of a

New Store

by JOHN H. SINK, and he takes this opportunity to announce to the public generally, that he is prepared to sell them goods of all kinds, from a Hair pin and Cigarette, up to the finest

DRESS GOODS AND GROCERIES

of the very best. PROVISIONS of all kinds and at prices that will please.

Buying my goods for spot cash I am therefore better prepared to give you great bargains. So bring along your money or country produce, and be convinced that you can buy from me as cheap as anywhere in the State.

JOHN H. SINK.

Waughtown, N. C., June 9, 1887.

PIEDMONT AIR LINE.

RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. R. CO.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In effect March 13th, 1887.

Trains run by 75th Meridian Time.

SOUTHBOUND—DAILY.

	No. 50	No 52
Lv New York,	4 45 night	4 30 p m
" Philadelphia,	7 20 a m	6 57 p m
" Baltimore,	9 45 a m	9 42 p m
" Washington,	11 20 a m	11 00 p m
" Charlottesville,	3 35 p m	3 00 a m
" Lynchburg,	5 50 p m	5 05 a m
" Richmond,	3 00 p m	2 30 a m
" Burkeville,	4 57 p m	4 25 a m
" Keyesville,	5 43 p m	5 04 a m
" Drakes Branch,	6 10 p m	5 21 a m
" Danville,	8 50 p m	8 05 a m
" Greensboro,	10 44 p m	9 48 a m
" Goldsboro,	11 50 p m	*5 00 pm
" Raleigh,	5 30 p m	*11 45 am
" Durham,	6 35 p m	*1 39 am
" Chapel Hill,	*5 30 p m	*11 00 am
" Hillsboro,	7 08 p m	3 28 p m
" Salem,	7 45 p m	6 30 p m
" High Point,	9 37 a m	10 16 a m
" Salisbury,	12 39 a m	11 23 a m
Ar Statesville,		12 39 p m
" Asheville,		6 55 p m
" Hot Springs,		9 39 p m
Lv Concord,	1 26 a m	11 59 p m
" Charlotte,	2 25 a m	1 00 p m
" Spartanburg,	5 36 a m	3 34 p m
" Greenville,	6 50 a m	4 48 p m
" Atlanta,	1 20 p m	10 40 p m

NORTHBOUND—DAILY.

	No. 51	No. 53
Lv Atlanta,	7 00 p m	8 40 a m
Ar Greenville,	1 02 a m	2 32 p m
" Spartanburg,	2 17 a m	3 43 p m
" Charlotte,	5 05 a m	6 25 p m
" Concord,	6 01 a m	7 25 p m
" Salisbury,	6 41 a m	8 01 p m
" High Point,	7 54 a m	9 08 p m
" Greensboro,	8 32 a m	9 47 p m
" Salem,	*11 28 a m	*11 20 p m
" Hillsboro,	12 10 p m	*2 45 a m
" Durham,	12 47 p m	*4 45 a m
" Chapel Hill,	*1 20 p m	
" Raleigh,	1 50 p m	*6 50 a m
" Goldsboro,	4 40 p m	*1! 20 a m
" Danville,	10 10 a m	11 28 p m
" Drakes Branch,	12 45 p m	2 41 a m
" Keyesville,	1 04 p m	3 01 a m
" Burkeville,	1 42 p m	3 53 a m
" Richmond,	3 45 a m	6 40 a m
Ar Lynchburg,	1 05 p m	2 00 a m
" Charlottesville,	3 30 p m	4 10 a m
" Washington,	8 23 p m	8 30 a m
" Baltimore,	11 25 p m	10 03 a m
" Philadelphia,	3 00 a m	12 35 p m
" New York,	6 20 a m	3 20 p m

*Daily except Sunday.

JAS. L. TAYLOR, Gen. Pass. Agent.

SOL. HAAS, Traffic Manager.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

—*Milk Shakes, Limeade, Lemonade, Ginger Ale, Raspberry Phosphates, Moxie and Ice Cold Soda Water* at ASHCRAFT & OWENS.

—We must think or be left in the lurch. This age is too fast to go in the steps of our daddies. With improved implements we can do a third more work. ALLEN'S HARDWARE STORE is at your service.

—*Ready Mixed Paints*, by half pint, quart or gallon, at ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Druggists, Winston, N. B.

HATS.—Great display of fashionable STRAW HATS, at C. R. WELFARE'S, price 25, 35, 50 cents and up. Call and see them.

LEOPOLD'S "TWIN CITY" CIGAR.

These cigars are the most exquisite that can be made for the money. They are strongly and very expensively perfumed with Havana Tobacco, and are easily distinguished from all other 5c. cigars by their quality. Ask your dealers for them.

May 5—1m.

JUST RECEIVED a full line of Toile Du Nord Ginghams, Windson Fancies and Simpson's prints.

CLINARD & BROOKES.

NOTICE.

HAVING qualified as administrator of the estate of Nathaniel Mock, deceased, I hereby notify all persons having claims against the said deceased, to present them for payment, properly authenticated, on or before the 17th of June, 1888, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the estate of said deceased are earnestly requested to make payment, without delay, as indulgence cannot be given. HARRISON CROUSE,

Administrator.

Forsyth County, June 17, 1887—6w.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. N. H. MEDEARIS.

HINSHAW & MEDEARIS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS AND DEALERS IN

FIELD SEEDS, FERTILIZERS AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,

FOURTH STREET, WINSTON, N. C.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

To our Customers and the Public:—The population of Winston was about 430 when our Mr. Hinshaw arrived here nineteen years ago. Since the day of his arrival he had done whatever he could to build up and develop the agricultural interests, to build up a home market for all the products grown in this section and to aid in making a country and town that would be the pride of the State. He invested the first money in the tobacco business and put up the first Tobacco Warehouse built in Winston, and, in conjunction with others, held three successful Wheat and Cattle Fairs here which resulted in a favorable revolution in wheat, grass and stock growing, and caused Forsyth county to be the banner county at the State Exposition. During the 19 years he has had a trade and patronage that he is proud of and to his customers he returns his thanks. Now with increased facilities, increased capital and accurate knowledge of the needs and wants of the country, with a thoroughly organized and long established business, we feel we are in a better position to merit trade than ever before.

In our different departments can be found a

COMPLETE LINE OF MERCHANDISE

ALL BOUGHT IN QUANTITIES AS LOW AS MONEY AND EXPERIENCE WILL BUY. In the 11 rooms of our store buildings and in our two warehouses will be found a greater variety of merchandise than can be found in any other house in Western North Carolina.

FARMER'S SUPPLIES AND GROCERIES OF EVERY KIND.

STAPLE HARDWARE, EXCELSIOR COOK STOVES, TIN AND WOODEN WARE, DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, SHOES, BOOTS, HATS, &c., &c.

OUR LADIES' DRESS GOODS, NOTION AND SHOE DEPARTMENT

is in charge of Mr. John A. Burton and Miss Lillie George, and will be more complete than ever before and goods will be sold *remarkably low. All the ladies are invited to examine this department.*

OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT

is represented in the house by N. H. Medearis, W. T. Poindexter, of Yadkin county, and Boon M. Rose, of Davie county, and on the road by J. C. Goodman, of Rockingham county.

OUR GRAIN, FLOUR, MEAT AND HEAVY GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is in charge of A. R. Wright, of Chatham county, assisted by W. C. Sprinkle and Richard Westmoreland, of Forsyth.

J. M. Martin, of Stokes, and H. C. Holman, of Davie county, together with all the other salesmen, are always ready to wait on customers in the general retail departments; while the well-known and "Old Reliable" Carter Morehead continues to move the goods to and from the railroad and deliver through town.

☞ We carry a large stock of CHOICE RED and SAPLING CLOVER SEED, ORCHARD GRASS, HERDS GRASS, KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS and TIMOTHY SEEDS—wholesale and retail at lowest prices.

We continue to sell the

Star Brand Special Tobacco Manure and Star Brand Guano,

two of the most reliable brands of fertilizers made. Messrs. Allison & Addison, the manufacturers, assure us that they will not change the quality of these excellent fertilizers, except to improve them—a thing they are constantly striving to do. Each successive season shows more clearly the importance of cultivating less land, manuring more liberally and growing only fine tobacco. The Star Brand Special Tobacco Manure, as a producer of the desirable grades that are always saleable at good prices, is not excelled—while the Guano stands at the head of the list of fertilizers for general crops. The price of the Special Tobacco Manure will be lower than heretofore. ☞ *In response to inquiries, we have to say that we will sell fertilizers on time to parties who will secure the payment beyond question.*

CREDIT IN RETAIL DEPARTMENTS!

We beg to say to our customers that, having only one price for goods at retail and the profits being very small, we cannot afford to sell on credit. We make this public statement so that if any one who has heretofore run an account with us is referred to the firm or to J. W. Brown, our book keeper, he will not be offended. We will do what we can to make it to your interest to trade with us and cordially invite all to come and examine our stock and prices.

Yours Very Truly

HINSHAW & MEDEARIS.

March 10, 1887–tf.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

STANTON & HOLTON,

STARBUCK BLOCK, WINSTON, N. C.,

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR THE BEST

Patent Roller Flour, White Corn Meal,

CORN CHOP, SHIP STUFF AND GRAIN OF ALL KINDS.

QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS IS OUR MOTTO.

The farmers will find it to their interest to call on us as we buy direct from headquarters, and can sell as cheap as anyone in town.

We are here to stay and expect by honest and fair dealings to merit the patronage of the entire community.

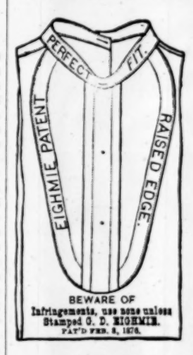
Don't forget the place, Starbuck Block, next door to Orinoco Warehouse.

Respectfully,

STANTON & HOLTON.

No. 10—March 10, 1887—3m.

"EIGHMIE" PATENT SHIRT.



PATENT BOSOM.

FINE DRESS SHIRT.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

TRY THEM ONCE

and you will use no other.

10,000,000 NOW IN USE.

SOLD ONLY AT THE

EIGHMIE SHIRT AGENCY.

FRIES, GIERSH & SENSEMAN,

SALEM, N. C.

June 9, 1887–tf.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE WILL CONTAIN:

Susa Excavations. By Madame Jane Dieulafoy. Fully Illustrated.

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Cage Birds. By Dr. T. W. Greene. Illustrated.

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Stephen Wycherlie. A Story by Howard Pyle. Illustrated by the Author.

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Social Studies. Second Series—*Continued.*

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suitable for permanent orchard planting and stock for Nurserymen.

Every desirable variety of Apple, Peach Pear, Cherry, Apricot, Nectarine, Plum, Grapes, Strawberries, &c., at the most reasonable rates.

Call or write before ordering elsewhere and learn the extent of these Nurseries Stock unrivalled,—straight, nice, thrifty Satisfaction guaranteed.

Catalogue sent free. Address

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Organs and Pianos.

C. N. BROWN,

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Has constantly on hand several styles of the most popular and best

PIANOS AND ORGANS

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TERMS EASY. Partial payments by contract. Lowest prices for cash. Instruments delivered and set up ready for use.

Address C. N. BROWN,

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FOR **MAN** AND **BEAST!**

Mexican Mustang Liniment

CURES

Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Stings, Bites, Bruises, Bunions, Corns, Scratches, Sprains, Strains, Stitches, Stiff Joints, Backache, Galls, Sores, Spavin Cracks, Contracted Muscles, Eruptions, Hoof Ail, Screw Worms, Swinney, Saddle Galls Piles.

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY

accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its **universal applicability.** Everybody needs such a medicine.

The Lumberman needs it in case of accident.
The Housewife needs it for general family use.
The Canaler needs it for his teams and his men.
The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.
The Miner needs it in case of emergency.
The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it.
The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.
The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply afloat and ashore.
The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.
The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.
The Railroad man needs it and will need it as long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers.
The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer.
The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once.
Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of economy.
Keep a Bottle in the Factory. It is immediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

Vaccination in the Sultan's Seraglio.

An Italian doctor who vaccinated the members of the Turkish Sultan's harem had a novel exprience. Labouchere says:

The women in the Sultan's seraglio at Constantinope have just been vaccinated to the number of 150. The operation took place in a large hall under the superintendence of four gigantic eunuchs. The Italian surgeon to whom the work was confided was stationed in front of a huge screen, and the women were concealed behind it. A hole had been made in the center of the screen, just large enough to allow the arm to pass through, and in this manner arms of various colors and sizes were presented to the operator in rapid succession. It was utterly impossible for the surgeon to get even a glimpse of his patients; but in order to guard against the chance of his being able to see through the screen, two eunuchs, who stood by the operator, threw a shawl over his face instantly an operation was concluded, and did not remove it until the next arm had been placed in position.

Women Who Smoke.

Of women who love the weed the New York *Star* says:

The French housekeeper delights in her after-dinner cigarette. The senora of Barcelona loves in the evening to wrap her black crepe about her head, and, while gently puffing her long tobacco cigarette, cast heart-thrilling glances from her balcony above the walk at the wights below. While the German frau is fond of her cigarette or even cigar, and the Russian wife is not behind in her enjoyment of the weed, and even the Japanese, Chinese, Tartar, Dutch and Soudanese wives all like to let tobacco smoke curl from their pretty mouths toward the sky, the Italian signora is, perhaps, the most passionately fond of the long thin cigar of the country called the "Virginia." It is no uncommon sight of a summer evening to see a party of ladies sitting in some cool terrace overlooking the sea on the campana while the music of their velvety language keeps tune to the soft splashing of the sea against the rocky shore, and sending rings of smoke from their fragrant cheroots.

The Dress of Turkish Women.

The dress of the women at home is not very elegant, nor does it fit them very well. It is usually a loose garment made of glossy calico, in gaudy colors, tied around the waist with a cloth belt, and wadded and padded in winter like a mattress. Underneath they wear a kind of wide pantaloons, fastened at the ankles. On their feet they wear low shoes without heels or soles, made of yellow morocco. Their headgear consists of a kind of embroidered calotte, around which is wound a strip of very fine muslin, allowing one to see the embroidery and the color of the cap. When women belong to wealthy Turks their ears, necks and fingers are loaded with gold jewelry or precious stones. If their owners are not well off their vanity does not give up its right, but it has to content itself with similar jewelry and paste diamonds. All of them stain their eyebrows, powder their faces with rice-powder, and coat their nails with a reddish substance, henne, making their hands look like those of children that have stuck their fingers into a can of preserves.

Neither the rich nor the poor among Turkish women own watches; they do not know how to use them. Nevertheless, since commerce has been able to extend its influence to the harems even, clockmakers have succeeded within recent years in getting their goods into the *harenliks* of a few wealthy pashas. It is hardly necessary to say, however, that the beautiful inmates do not use them except as playthings.

The dress that the Turkish women wear when they go out, is simple, uniform, and absolutely free from caprices of fashion. Moreover, it is, with very little change, the same to-day that it was a hundred years ago. It consists of a kind of simple cloak without tucks, folds, or ornaments, and almost without any other seams than the hems. This cloak, or *feredje*, which is almost always of a light color, falls like a sack from the shoulders to the ankles, and conceals entirely the clothing under it. It is impossible to recognize a woman in this ungraceful sheath, which effaces every line.

Their veil, or *yachmak*, is made of two muslin bands more or less thick, one of which covers the forehead, and the other the lower and upper part of the face as far as the eyes. Therefore, the only part of a Turkish woman's face that can be seen is the pupils of the eyes, which roll between the two veils, and which, on this account, exhibit a wonderful sweetness or a wonderful brilliancy. It is noticeable that the young and pretty inmates of harems usually wear veils much more transparent than the ugly and old. I have myself often admired—but very discreetly—the marvelous beauty of these terrestrial houris. The veil, floating like a thin vapor before their face, gave them a new charm, effacing all the imperfections of feature and color. They smiled behind their white cloud, with a little provoking air, as if to thank me for my admiration.

The head-dress that the young inmates of the harems wear when they go out, consists of a small light and graceful cap, which holds the edges of the veil, and varies but little in form and color. Here again fashion, which has not been able to give a month's respite to the hats of our Christian companions, has been as powerless as elsewhere. The only victory that it has gained over the toilet of the Turkish women, pertains to footwear. There are but few women of the lower classes that wear yellow Turkish slippers on the street. Most of them imprison their little feet in graceful and quite civilized slippers, and even in high Parisian shoes with pointed toes and high heels.—*Cosmopolitan.*

Fashion Notes.

Satins are going out of favor.

Tiny capotes are made of fancy Tuscan.

Short-sleeved mantles are much in vogue.

Vests as a rule, whether full or plain, are very narrow.

Black watered silk and black camel's hair are admirably combined for dresses for middle aged or elderly ladies.

Colored petals, instead of entire flowers, are used by London milliners where a mere suggestion of color is desired.

Large wooden rosary beads, placed as closely together as possible, finish the edges of the street jackets.

Burnouse shawl draperies and jabot folds are favorite arrangements for the back of the skirts of spring dresses.

Muslin parasols in the twelve pointed star designs have one star laid over the other, one portion being transparent.

Collarettes, wristlets, and belts of vari-colored jets are worn with, and render effective, the simplest costumes.

The old fashioned gigot or let of mutton sleeves are, sad to say, in fashion again. They are extremely disfiguring.

In spite of attempts to introduce new colors, pale drabs and grays continue to be the favorite shades for dressy tailor-made suits.

Lace mantles lined with colored silk or satin, bid fair to be popular the coming summer. This is a revival of a fashion of forty years ago.

Ribbon ruches of bright colors are still worn inside the collars and cuffs of frocks, although every authority declares them out of fashion.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Moral courage is the rarest of qualities, and often maligned.

Life is too short to be spent in minding other people's business.

The seeds of our puishment are sown at the time we commit the sin.

Faith steps in to our aid when our boasted reason and knowledge fail.

The sympathy of sorrow is stronger than the sympathy of prosperity.

Life is a quarry out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.

Labor disgraces no man; unfortunately you occasionally find men who disgrace labor.

Lift thyself up, look around, and see something higher and brighter than earth, earth worms, and earthly darkness.

There cannot be a more worthy improvement of friendship than in the fervent opposition to the sins of those who we profess to love.

All mankind are happier for having been happy, so that, if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

The living get credit for what they might be quite as much as for what they are. Posterity judges a man by the best rather than the average of his attainment.

Home is given for the sake of its inmates. They have the ability to render it a benediction. Its character depends on each one striving to help the other and be developed.

Learn from the earliest days to inure your principles against the perils of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death.

A Cask That Holds 36,000 Gallons.

Work was begun in 1883 on the great wine tun of Toledo, Ohio, writes a New York *Times* correspondent, but the solid American oak of which it is built was drying in a kiln for six years prior to that. Its oaken staves are twenty-one feet long and six inches square. In the rough, six of them formed a load for a two-horse team. With the utmost nicety they were put in place until, as a whole, they measured over sixty feet in circumference. Through the centre of the tun, where it curves outward in a huge swell, it measures twenty-one feet; the diameter at the ends is eighteen feet. It contains 36,000 gallons of dry wine. To withstand the enormous pressure of this bulk, three iron rods are carried from end to end, where they are riveted in oaken beams of great size and strength. The hoops are of iron. There are fourteen of them, and they weigh three tons. Each hoop is six inches broad and about a third of an inch in thickness. They are well groomed hoops, and shine as if in constant contact with an emery wheel. But everything about the great tun betokens the great care that is taken of it. Its oaken surface is polished to such a degree that the sun loves to creep in through the prison-like windows and dance upon its shining bulk. The huge brass spigot glitters like gold from the coiner's hands. The oaken platform that faces its tremendous head, and the oaken stairway that winds around the base and enables the visitor to look down upon the mammoth, glisten under frequent coats of varnish. A blow upon this iron ribbed body makes no impression unless the ear be placed close to the wood; then the sound is like the last gasp of a thunder clap. Days and days were occupied in filling it with catawba made from grapes that grow on islands in Put in Bay, where Commodore Perry taught John Bull a lesson some years ago. And when the tun was full, when 36,000 gallons of wine had been poured into the vast interior, there was much rejoicing in the immediate vicinity, and all who witnessed the completion of the process felt in duty bound to drink to the health of the Toledo tun, and to do so in such unstinted measure that the occasion is likely never to be forgotten by those who participated.

The Chewing Gum Harvest.

Up in Canada much of the gum (the maiden's solace) is picked in the autumn, beginning as early as October, but there, as in Maine, the best time for the work is during the deep snows of the winter, when snowshoes are used, or in the early spring, when a man can travel along at a lively rate on the heavy crust, above the underbrush. The pickers are provided with long poles, on the end of which is fastened a sharp chisel, and underneath that a cup to receive the gum as it is chipped off. The cup holds from a pint to a quart, and when full it is emptied into a long bag which the picker carries slung to his back like a knapsack. These gum harvesters erect huts in the woods when far distant from a settlement or a logging camp, and stay from two days to a week on a trip. When they have secured as much as they can "tote" they come out, and then the women and children have the tedious job of scraping each and every lump free from bark and moss. The clean, bright article offered for sale in the shops looks very much different from the brown nuggets in the picker's bag, although occasionally a clear, shiny piece is found on the limb of a large tree. It is the cleaning of the gum that makes a first class article expensive.—*Troy Times.*

The Funny Armadillo.

The armadillo lives in South America. His name there is bolito, or "little ball," because he rolls himself up in his shell so that he can be tumbled about like a ball. The bands of shell are flexible and overlap toward the tail; the collar and tail cape are each in one piece, but slightly flexible; the face shield is loose except at the forehead. When alarmed the animal will curl up quickly and hold his shell as tight as a closed oyster shell until the danger is past. His fore feet are made for burrowing, and are not of much use in walking, as he walks on tiptoe. The easiest way for him to get about is to roll although he stays very close at home. Sometimes a pair of armadillos will have ten babies, that keep the parents busy when the babies are weaned. They eat insects principally, but will eat carrion. The monkeys find great pleasure in teasing the armadillos. The shriek of delight when a monkey discovers bolito taking an airing will bring a dozen of the chattering creatures to the spot. They roll him about, poke their fingers into the cracks of his shell, screech, and scold until tired, but belito never cheeps or relaxes a muscle until his tormentors leave him.—*New York Telegram.*

A Remarkable Veil.

The church of Meixotl, Mexico, contains a remarkable veil of great value. For nearly three centuries Spaniards were in the habit of vowing a jewel to the veil of Our Lady of Meixotl if they returned safely from a voyage to Spain, until in Maximilian's time the veil was bejeweled to the value of about $200,000. The German adventurers, after Maximilian's failure, determined to carry away this veil as booty. They made their plans with great care and caution and secured the veil, but in some way they were discovered and a party of pursuers overtook them in a narrow pass, where two of them were killed, the third escaping under cover of darkness, leaving behind him, however, the precious veil, which was regained and restored to the altar, where it is more vigilantly guarded than ever.

In one of the French schools there is a natural magnet capable of lifting four times its weight.

COUNT LADINSKI.

REMARKABLE CAREER OF A MAN WITH A HISTORY.

His Adventures in South America, in the Siberian Mines, and in the United States—A Stirring Life.

"There is a man with a history," said an acquaintance to a reporter yesterday afternoon.

The man referred to was sitting in a hall with several companions around a table, on which stood mugs, a plate of caviare sandwiches, a pot of mustard, etc.

"I know him well; I will introduce you," and the reporter was presented to Mr. Ladinski, a Pole, and to his companions, three Russians. Ladinski and his companions seemed to be on the best of terms. They were speaking French when the reporter joined them, but immediately changed to English, which all spoke fluently, Ladinski not having the slightest foreign accent. In the course of the conversation that ensued Mr. Ladinski good humoredly answered interrogations, and in a modest way recountered some of his adventures, which in a narrative form are about as follows:

John, Count Ladinski, was born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1830. When six years old he saw his mother knouted for refusing to tell of her husband's whereabouts. Six months after that his father was captured and shot by order of the Czar. Shortly after that his mother disappeared, and to this day he does not know what became of her. When about seven years of age he found himself homeless and penniless. He was picked up half starved on the street by a kind-hearted Jew merchant, who adopted and took him to St. Petersburg. He remained with his adopted father for seven years, and was given a good education, the merchant employing a tutor for him and his two sons.

Ladinski was walking along a quiet street one night in St. Petersburg, when about fifteen years old, and came suddenly on two Russian soldiers who were beating a Polish Jew peddler because he had refused to give them money. He became enraged at the sight, and demanded that they should quit. The soldiers let the peddler alone, but seized the boy and were hustling him off to prison when he drew a knife, killed one of them, and dangerously wounded the other.

Realizing what he had done, young Ladinski stowed away on an English vessel, and was fortunate enough to escape the country. The Captain of the vessel took a liking to the boy and landed him in London with a £5 note and a new suit of clothes. He managed to open communications with his foster father, who sent a sum of money to a friend of his to be used for Ladinski, who remained in London for about a year. Being discovered, however, by one of the secret service agents of Russia, he was obliged to flee England, and went to Rio Janeiro, South America. He secured a position as tutor in the family of a rich Brazilian, and remained there for three years. His benefactor took a strong liking to the young man and secured him a commission in the Brazilian navy.

The man-of-war on which he was went on a cruise to Europe. Ladinski and several of his brother officers went ashore one night at Naples to attend a masked ball. He became separated from his companions and started alone for the boat, and while on his way was knocked down, bound and gagged, and hurried aboard a Russian vessel which was in the bay. He was placed in irons and kept in prison until St. Petersburg was reached. There he was turned over to the authorities.

After having spent six months in a dungeon without hearing anything from the outside world, Mr. Ladinski was taken before a tribunal, tried for the murder of the soldier, and sentenced to Siberia for life. He made the journey to the mines on foot, with a number of political prisoners, and remained in the mines for five years.

Mr. Ladinski seemed adverse to speaking about the hardships he underwent while there, but said that at the end of five years he was the only one left out of twenty-three men who went in with him. As he had behaved himself so as to win the respect of the guards and officers, he was removed from the mine and given a clerkship in a Government warehouse. While there he conceived the idea of forging himself a pardon from the Czar, and after a year's hard work, being assisted by a daughter of the post commander, Col. Tourteloff, he succeeded in having a free and unconditionable pardon handed to him, and at once made preparations to leave. By some means he was well supplied with funds by his foster father.

He made his way back to St. Petersburg, and was preparing to leave the country, when he was pounced upon by Russian spies, thrown into jail to remain until an investigation could be had, which, of course, resulted in the daring forgery becoming known. The Czar, who evidently had a grim sense of humor, had the daring young Pole brought before him and questioned him about himself. The result of the interview was that his royal highness pardoned Ladinski for the murder, but allowed the law to take its course in regard to the forgery, the result being that he was again sentenced for life in the mines, and started back to the hell he had schemed so long to escape from.

When about one month on the road Ladinski and a young Russian officer, a political prisoner, managed to free themselves of their shackles and escaped. Mr. Ladinski thinks that he and his companion, a Captain Komiskoff, must have walked 1,000 miles before they felt themselves safe. They went across the border of Austria, and managed to make their way to England. They remained in London for a year, when Komiskoff took a notion to come to the United States. Ladinski supported himself by giving music and painting lessons, and while there married an English lady who brought him quite a dot. They had two children born to them, and while the youngest was a babe the mother died.

When the civil war broke out in the United States Mr. Ladinski placed his children in an asylum and came to America and enlisted as a private in the Forty-ninth New York. His valor soon won him promotion, and when the war closed he was a Major, was covered with honorable scars, and had spent four months in Andersonville. Mr. Ladinski related a number of other incidents in his eventful life, and when asked why it was that he, a Pole, chose for his companions, Russians, he replied:

"This is my friend, Captain Komiskoff. I found him in America. I had not seen him for ever so many years. These gentlemen are his friends and mine. They are educated gentlemen, and have no love for the Czar. We belong to the same brotherhood.

"Well, yes, we were Nihilists, but are now American citizens. America is a good enough country for us. We intend to live in Colorado. We have some money, and will buy ranches. We are not bloodthirsty villains."—*Denver (Col.) News.*

They Are All Players.

"How many people does it take to play this baseball?" asked Mrs. Boodle, at the breakfast table.

"Eighteen, I believe," replied her husband.

"Eighteen!" ejaculated young Boodle, ten years old; "if you'd been at the game yesterday you'd a thought it took nearer three thousand."—*Tid-Bits.*

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Canary birds can be taught to whistle tunes.

A Chinaman took the prize for English composition at Yale.

The military company in Marshall, Mich., is without a man who weighs less than 200 pounds.

Punch, a drink, is Persian, and means five, referring to the five ingredients used in making this beverage—tea, sugar, lemon juice, spice and spirits.

The carpet beetle, or buffalo moth, was introduced into the United States from Europe in 1872, and has since made its home in all parts of the country.

A miniature model of the famous sloop yacht Mayflower, composed entirely of 160 pure white diamonds, is one of the attractive features at a New York jeweler's.

Professor Jaeger claims that the odor of camel's hair, which is so distinguishable, has a most beneficial effect. He asserts that it produces sleep in persons suffering from insomnia, and he advises them to sleep on pillows covered with camel's hair and stuffed with hair.

The word "assassin" comes from the Assassiniaus, a branch of the fanatical Mohammedans, who settled in Persia in 1090. Their young people were trained to murder such as their chief doomed to death. They were extipated about 1258 in Persia, and about 1272 in Syria.

The civil war ended August 20, 1886. The President of the United States on that day issued his proclamation, saying: "Therefore, I do hereby proclaim and declare that the insurrection which heretofore existed in the States of (naming them) is at an end, and henceforth to be so regarded."

Soles swim on their sides because their eyes are placed upon one side only, by which, being bottom fish, they are able to lie on the ground, and look upward for their prey. For a relative reason, too, their upper sides are dark, and of the color of the bed which they inhabit, while their under sides are white.

John Stadler, of Richville, Mich., is curiously afflicted. He is liable to lose his memory at any time. More than once he has passed whole nights within hailing distance of his own house, fearing to move, as he was totally unable to recall the direction he should go, or even how his house looked or was situated with regard to the surrounding country.

Weather Bureau Signals.

The cautionary signals of the weather bureau are of two kinds: 1. Those premonishing dangerous winds to blow from any direction, and (2.) Those premonishing off-shore winds likely to drive vessels out to sea. Both kinds are needed and used on the shore of seas and lakes, for the guidance of mariners. These signals are only used when a wind storm of at least thirty-five miles an hour is approaching. The first, known distinctively as the "cautionary signal," is a red flag with a black square in the center in the day time and a red light by night. The second, or cautionary off-shore signal, is a flag with two stripes of black and white, indicating direction of the wind by its position with reference to the cautionary signal always displayed with it, and also by position of the stripes. That is, the black stripe is above the white when northerly winds are expected, and below for southerly winds, and the direction signal is shown above the cautionary signal when easterly winds are impending and below for westerly winds. These are all day time signals; there are no night signals for wind direction, though a white light above a red light by night indicates that while the storm has not yet passed the station, and dangerous winds may yet be felt there, they will probably be from the north or west. There is also an on shore wind signal which is hoisted only on the lakes when a wind on the water of twenty to thirty-five miles an hour may be expected to blow on shore, a wind dangerous to small vessels, barges, and tows. This is a flag of four alternate squares of black and white. In the night time this is represented by a white light.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The Staked Plains of Texas.

J. C. Rathbun writes to the *Inter-Ocean* about the Staked Plains of Texas in this strain: The generally accepted theory of the origin of the name is that, in the long ago, as a company of Catholic missionaries was crossing this plain going to Santa Fe, the men stuck stakes at long intervals by which they might trace their way back. The Staked Plain is a gently undulating prairie, covered with about twenty-five varieties of rich, nutritious grasses. The grass has the quality of ripening in fall and preserving its nutriment, like hay, so that stock fatten on it during winter. In fact, stockmen do not ship their beeves till after the cattle have fed for a few weeks on the cured grass. The soil is a chocolate colored sandy loam, and very productive. The prairie is covered with a scraggy bush called mesquite, whose only utility is the beans it produces, which make excellent winter feed for stock. As in Western Nebraska, Kansas, and Eastern Colorado, the rains on the Staked Plain and in the Panhandle of Texas are irregular, too much so to make it an exclusively agricultural section. But stock farming can be and is carried on successfully. An inexaustible supply of water is found at a depth of from fifteen to seventy-five feet. At Midland it is at about forty feet. The Texas and Pacific Railway crossed the plains in 1881, and there are now three growing towns on the Staked Plain—Marienfeld, started in 1882, Midland in 1884, and Odessa in 1886—situated twenty miles apart. Of these Midland is the largest, and has a population of about 800, and is the shipping point for the beef and wool interests of this extensive grazing area.

Condensed Stories.

Here are some "condensed stories" which were sent to a London paper in competition for a prize. They are not bad:

A Business Romance.—1. Rash. 2. Dash. 3. Hash. 4. Smash.

A Commercial Story.—1. Trusted. 2. Busted.

1. A lassie dies. 2. Alas! he'd eyes. 3. A lassie dies.

A Night in the Life of an ex-M. P.—1. Nailed. 2. Jailed. 3. Bailed.

1. He. 2. She. 3. They.

1. Two made one. 2. Divorced. 3. One made two.

A Love Idyl.—1. Adoration. 2. Altercation. 3. Separation. 4. Compensation.

History of Man's Life.—1. Man cometh into the world naked and bare. 1. He passeth through it with trouble and care. 3. He takes nothing with him, and goes no one knows where.

The Origin of the Species: A Scientific Novel.—1. One. 2. Two. 3. Three.

How the Blind May Read.

There has recently been invented in Paris a small press which will enable blind people, not only to print the raised characters which they are able to read with their fingers, but also the ordinary characters on the same sheet of paper. A system of writing for blind people has, of course, already been invented by Braille, but it only permitted them to communicate with each other, whereas the new mechanism enables them to form letters which can be read by everybody. Henceforward, therefore, blind persons may be able to communicate by letter with their friends, without being obliged to have recourse to the assistance of others.

China has the fastest torpedo boat in the world.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

Agriculture—In Two Chapters.

I.

Wasted time.
Old fogyism.
Wasted manure.
Poor cultivation with inferior tools.
Poor seed.
Tumble-down buildings.
Scrub stock.
Corner grocery.
Result: Heavy mortgage.

II.

Rising with the lark.
Hard, persistent work.
Improved implements.
Vats for liquid manure.
Well-drained lands.
Number 1 stock in Nunber 1 condition.
Eyes wide open.
Progressive ideas.
Result: Farm clear, money in the bank.
—*Our Country Home.*

Culture of Squash.

Squash requires rich soil with plenty of well decayed manure. The manure is plowed in six or eight inches deep and the land is well harrowed. The hills are six by seven feet apart and a shovelful of fine manure and a light dusting of Peruvian grass should be given to each hill. Three vines are left to grow in the hills. The ground is well worked with the plow while the plants are young, and after that with the cultivator and the hoe. As the vines get to be four or five feet long the ends are pinched to make the lateral shoots grow vigorously. As these are the bearing shoots this is very important. By this culture 10,000 squashes averaging seven pounds each have been grown upon one acre. If larger fruits are desired only three or four should be left to each hill. One thousand hills are made to the acre. Muskmellons are grown in precisely the same way, but the hills are five feet apart only and the pinching is done closely to make a compact growth, which covers the ground.—*N. Y. Times.*

Plant More than One Kind.

A Western exchange gives to its readers a list of small fruit plants, and wrongly confines the varieties to one or two in number. This we believe to be a mistake. It is well known, for example, that a variety of strawberry, which will succeed splendidly on a rich, loamy soil, may be an entire failure on sandy soil, though but in an adjoining field. Experience has taught us that the only true way to ascertain the value of a variety on any particular soil is by experiment. If the grower is a novice at the work, the better plan would be to ascertain the varieties which his successful neighbor best succeeds with, and if the soil is similar, plant more largely of such varieties than others. In brief, the safest plan is to secure varieties which not only succeed well on the soil you have, but also those which will give you a succession of fruit—early, medium and late. It is the height of folly for a fruit-grower to attempt making an independence, relying solely on one or two particular varieties. Intensive horticulture is more applicable to area than to varieties.—*Our Country Home.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Ground can hardly be too rich for potatoes.

Catnip is one of the most valuable plants for bees.

It is not the bulky matter of manure which feeds the plants, but the fertilizing material contained therein.

The Michigan Board of Agriculture caluculates the entire cost of growing corn and placing it on the silo at $2.09 per ton.

An acoustic telephone from the apiary to the kitchen is recommended by a beekeeper, to tell when the bees are thinking of swarming.

A number of cattle were recently poisoned to death, in Orange County, New York, by eating "gluten meal," a refuse of a starch factory.

Butter which is uniform in its color, texture, flavor and stamp, when once put upon the market, is supposed to advertise its own merits.

The *New England Farmer* recommends dressing lawns with garden soil, as the grass will soon shoot through the covering and grow rankly.

F. D. Cohen says: Provided that a space of eight or ten rods is put between the feeding place and sleeping place of hogs, they will prove themselves the cleanest domestic animals we have.

If you be troubled with bark lice, wash the tree thoroughly with soft soap made into suds. And, by the way, it will always pay to carry the water on wash days and apply around the fruit trees.

The Illinois House of Rrepresentatives has just made it a punishable offense to obtain certificates of registry of cattle and other animals by false pretense, and also to give false pedigrees of animals

Calves should be kept growing from the start. A month-old calf should be fed an ounce or so of oatmeal or fine bran every day. Young calves should be carefully guarded against overfeeding and vermin.

To grow asparagus from seed pour hot water on the seeds sufficient to cover them and allow them to stand two or three days. Then sow the seeds in boxes of earth and transplant as soon as the young plants shall be large enough.

On small farms portable fences are often found advantageous. They can be conveniently removed from the old "rows," which are usually on the best land, so that in the course of rotation every foot on the place may be cultivated.

If oats are cut when in the milk, and cured properly in the cock, no more nutritious fodder can be obtained, and a second crop of turnips, Hungarian, millet or other quickly grown varieties, can be had the same season from the land.

Professor G. G. Gray says: "After a careful study I arrive at the conclusion that the hope of our farmers, North, South, East and West, lies in keeping the men and horses busy on some market crop, or in raising provision and forage for home use.

Professor H. E. Alvord says: Butter from cows fed on ensilage stand in the first class in our most critical markets, and has done so some years. A great majority of the best buyers approve the use of good ensilage as part of the ration for butter cows as on a par with roots and grain and hay.

There is no advantage in having early plants unless they be well manured and forced in growth after being transplanted. The object of starting the plants in hotbeds is to have them ready for the ground when frost shall have passed, and if they be not then well managed to maturity the labor bestowed in the beginning may be lost.

When lambs are well at night and are found dead in the morning the result is sometimes due to forced and high feeding, inducing fatty degeneration of the heart. Overproduction of fat, with a deficiency or bone and muscle, is very injudicious treatment, and may be avoided by feeding material abounding in phosphates and nitrogen rather than in fat and starch.

The easiest and surest way to destroy Canada thistles is to give an absolute summer fallow, by which no green thing is allowed to appear above the surface. Shallow ploughing once in two weeks during one season's growth will do this. If there be rocks, stumps, &c., all these places must be hoed thoroughly at each ploughing. If the remaining weak roots send no tops the next season a thorough cultivation in corn will kill out those remaining. The prevention of any green plant from making leaves for one whole season will totally eradicate it.

Mr. H. Carl, 139 Fourth Street, Troy, N. Y., says: "My daughter had a sprained ankle; St. Jacobs Oil cured her in a day or two. My son had rheumatism about nine years ago, St. Jacobs Oil cured him; he has not been affected since." Price fifty cents.

A CITIZEN of Beaver Falls, Penn., has a dog that used to answer to the name of Snipe. Once the family went visiting and left Snipe locked up in the house. It was forty-three days before they returned, but they found the dog alive. He recovered from his long fast, and since then he has been called Tanner.

From Philipsburg, Pa., Mr. S. M. Cross, writes, briefly and pointedly, thus: "Your St. Jacobs Oil has cured me of neuralgia of the face and head." Price fifty cents.

CITIZEN GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN says that when he stopped eating meat, thirteen years ago, and began living on fruit and grain, he weighed 210 pounds. He now weighs 180, and as he is six feet in height, he thinks he has the correct proportion. He has not been ill an hour since he began fasting.

The Queen.

If Moxie Nerve Food can take the place of drugging and stimulating, it has come to stay, and many of the doctors say it actually does. After thirteen or fourteen months on the market its sale is said to be the largest ever known. The large cities are talking Moxie forever, and every nervous woman or over-worked person thinks it is the last half of everything that has been found. Poor little Moxie weed, it never dreamed before that it was soon to be queen of the medical world.

A FRENCH ambassador to the English court paid a neat compliment to a peeress who had been talking to him for an hour. The lady said: "You must think I am very fond of the sound of my own voice." The Frenchman replied: "I knew you liked music."

Is There a Cure for Consumption?

We answer unreservedly, yes! If the patient commences in time the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and exercises proper care. If allowed to run its course too long all medicine is powerless to stay it. Dr. Pierce never deceives a patient by holding out false hopes for the sake of pecuniary gain. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of patients when nothing else seemed to avail. Your druggist has it. Send two stamps to Dr. Pierce a complete treatise on consumption with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

IN Great Britain last year forty-seven books on Ireland were published, and thirty-one on the subject of Shakespeare and his life.

Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "internal fever," congestion, inflammation, or ulceration. By druggists.

SENOR GALLARDO, a farmer of Cordova, Spain, who was captured by bandits, paid $6,000 for his release.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.

ABOUT 320,000 sets of the "Grant Memoirs" have so far been sold.

PROF. LOISETTE AND COLLEGES.

How the Famous Memory-Teacher Occupies His Time—The Busiest Man in America.

For instance, during the week commencing May 3: On the evening he gave the first of his course of five lectures to a second class at Yale of 200 students. May 10, he gave the first lecture to a class of 400 students at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. May 11, he gave the third of his course to 100 Columbia law students. May 12, he gave the first lecture to 300 lady students of Wellesley College, Mass., and May 13 he gave the second lecture at the University of Pennsylvania. And yet he is always found at his office from 8 A. M. till noon of every day. During this time he runs through his correspondence, giving his assistants the most minute and detailed instructions in regard to each letter received or any other matter that is brought to his notice. In the afternoon he travels out of town, and in the evening gives his lecture, always returning home the same night or early next morning. He endures all this incessant occupation and necessitated broken sleep because he loves his work and because he takes good care of his health. He claims that the warm weather is the best time in the year for study. The lectures, it is true, are not essential to the mastery of Professor's system, since his printed lesson-papers are full and complete, enabling any one to learn.—*N. Y. World.*

A Wonderful Machine and Offer.

To introduce them we give away 1,000 Self-operating Washing Machines. No labor or washboard. Best in the world. If you want one, write The National Co., 27 Dey St., N. Y.

'ROYAL GLUE' mends anything! Broken China, Glass, Wood. Free Vials at Drugs & Gro

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists.

A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health; but at this season it is often lost, owing to the poverty or impurity of the blood, derangement of the digestive organs, and the weakening effect of the changing season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion, and giving strength to the whole system. Now is the time to take it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am glad to say it has cured me of a very severe pain in the small of my back. I also gave it to my little girl. She had very little appetite; but Hood's Sarsaparilla has increased it wonderfully, and from our experience I highly recommend this medicine."—MRS. A. BATELLER, 135 1-2 Van Horn Street, Jersey City.

Makes the Weak Strong

"I must say Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I ever used. Last spring I had no appetite, and it seemed me ever so much. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon I felt as if I could do as much in a day as I had formerly done in a week. My appetite is voracious."—MRS. M. V. BAYARD, Atlantic City, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS,

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agent: C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

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DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.

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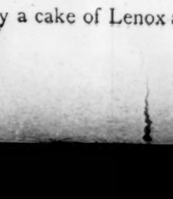

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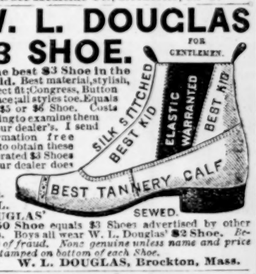

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